

MARVEL

OCTOBER

No.12

10¢

15c In Canada

COMICS

MYSTERY



Also
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
KA-ZAR
ELECTRO
AND OTHERS

THE **PYGMIES** HAD PLANNED
A HORRIBLE TORTURE FOR
THE GIRL - COULD
THE ANGEL BE IN TIME ?

HERE IS ACTION! THRILLS!-ADVENTURE!

64 FULL PAGES OF THE BEST ILLUSTRATED STORIES
ESPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THIS MAGAZINE.

DARING

COMICS
MYSTERY

Starring
MARVEL BOY

NEW
SENSATIONAL
FEATURE

LIKE PLUNGING
FURY, MARVEL
BOY CRASHED
INTO THEIR
MOSBY!



UPON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA
MONAKO HAS HIS PREMIER AT
THE ELITE THEATRE OFF TIMES
SQUARE. DURING THE ACT HE
SHOTS A MAN, APPARENTLY DEAD
BUT NOT SO.



THIS BIG SMASHING ISSUE Now on SALE EVERYWHERE

MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn., by Timely Publications. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn. Contents copyright 1940 by Timely Publications, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y. Vol. 1, No. 12, Oct. 1940. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in U. S. A. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising write Marvel Group.

THE

HUMAN TORCH

BY CARL BURGOS ⁴⁰



'J.B.' EH? WELL, I'LL
RUN DOWN THIS
MASTER CRIMINAL
IF IT'S THE LAST
THING I DO!



OH, OH! I FORGOT- THE
POLICE FORCE IS OUT TO GET
ME, BUT I MUST SEE THE
CAPTAIN AND FIND OUT
MORE ABOUT J.B.!

HUNTED BY HIS FELLOW POLICE OFFICERS AS AN ARSONIST BECAUSE HE BURNED DOWN A BLOCK OF OLD TENEMENT HOUSES INFESTED WITH THE BLACK PLAGUE, THE HUMAN TORCH NOW STARTS ON HIS SEARCH OF A MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL KNOWN ONLY AS 'J.B.' MASTERMIND BEHIND THE RACKETS IN THE CITY. IT IS THIS SAME J.B. WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TORCH'S PRESENT PREDICAMENT, HAVING BROUGHT PRESSURE TO BEAR INSIDE THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.



THIS ALLEY WILL SERVE
ME TILL I CAN FIGURE OUT
HOW I CAN REACH THE
CAPTAIN WITHOUT HURTING
ANY OF THE POLICEMEN!

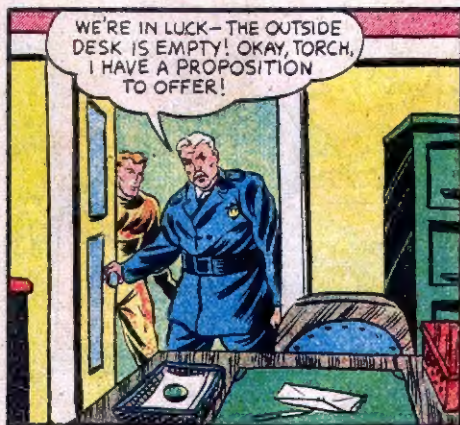


AND HERE COMES AN OFFICER-
DRESSED IN AN ASBESTOS SUIT
AND ARMED WITH AN AIR-PRESSURE
GUN- LOOKING FOR ME! BLAZES-
'HE'S MY ANSWER!!



COME TO
'PAPA, FRIEND!





- HE JUST CAME OUT OF THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE! HE'S PASSING THE PHONE NOW! WHAT? OKAY- I'LL TRY TO STOP HIM! SO LONG!



HERE GOES! HELP! THE TORCH! HELP!



INSTANTLY POLICEMEN SWARM THRU THE CORRIDOR



HOLD THAT DOOR OPEN!



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



GOT HIM! LUCKY HE'S WEARING AN ASBESTOS SUIT!



THINK THIS SUIT IS PROTECTION FOR YOU?



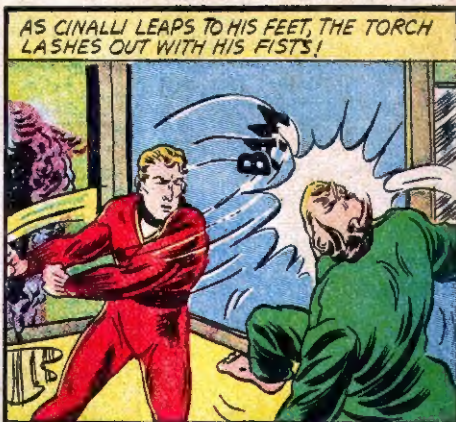
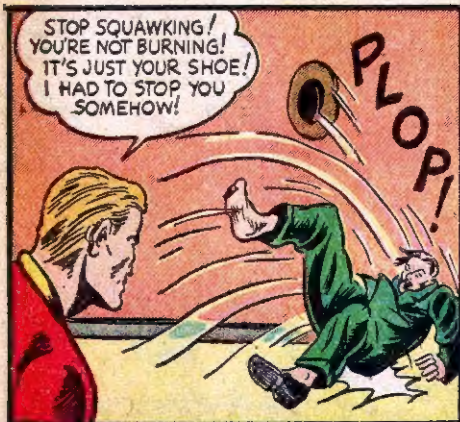
SUDDENLY THE TORCH'S BODY SHOOTS UP IN FLAME. INSTANTLY HIS GLASS VISOR MELTS.





SWIFTLY THE TORCH PEELS OFF
THE ASBESTOS SUIT AND MELTS
HIS WAY THRU THE TOP OF
THE DESCENDING CAR





TURNING ON HIS FLAME, THE TORCH LEAPS OVER THE ON-RUSHING OFFICERS



SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE RYAN PULLS THE TRIGGER, THE TORCH BURNS THE WOODEN CROSS BEAMS ON THE CEILING. INSTANTLY HEAVY SMOKE FILLS THE CORRIDOR.



HAH! THAT SMOKE HAS SURE GOT THOSE COPS STUMPED! GUESS I'D BETTER ORDER THE FLAME OUT, BEFORE THE ENTIRE BUILDING BURNS DOWN!

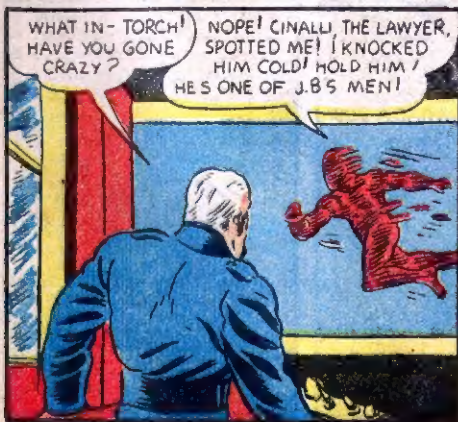


SUBDUING THE BLAZING BEAMS, THE TORCH MELTS HIS WAY THRU THE CAPTAIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE



WHAT IN—TORCH! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

NOPE! CINALU, THE LAWYER, SPOTTED ME! I KNOCKED HIM COLD! HOLD HIM! HE'S ONE OF J.B.S. MEN!



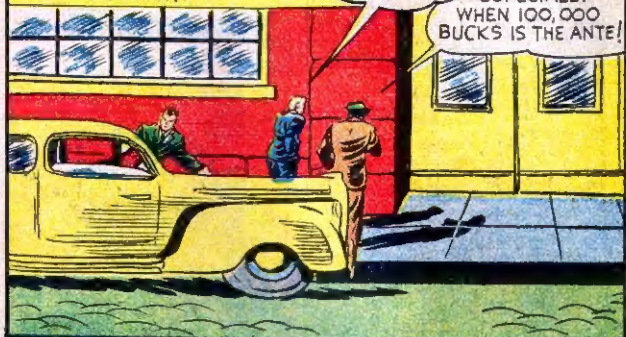
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO KRANTZ ON THE WATER—FRONT! THINGS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN THERE! SO LONG, CAP!





MEANWHILE, ON THE WATERFRONT,
A SLICK LIMOUSINE PULLS UP
IN FRONT OF THE KRANTZ METAL
COMPANY.



AS ONE OF THE MEN PRESSES
THE NIGHT-BELL, ANOTHER COVERS
THE ENTRANCE DOOR. WHEN
THE WATCHMAN ANSWERS THE
BELL, THE MAN WITH THE GUN FIRES



DID YOU HAVE TO
DO THAT? I OUGHT
TO—

FORGET
IT—
OR I'LL
FORGET YOU'RE
MY PAL,
SEE?



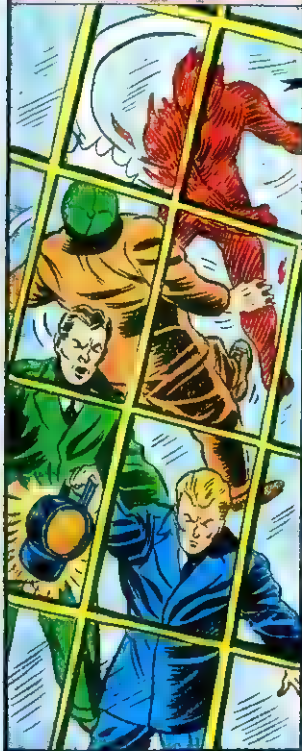
WHAT WAS THAT?
THOUGHT I
SAW A COMET!
OR COULD IT
BE THE TORCH?



WAIT- SOMETHIN'S BURNIN'
OVER THERE! IT'S GETTIN'
STRONGER! I NEVER SAW
A FLAME SO BRIGHT, IT'S—
IT'S -T-THE TORCH!

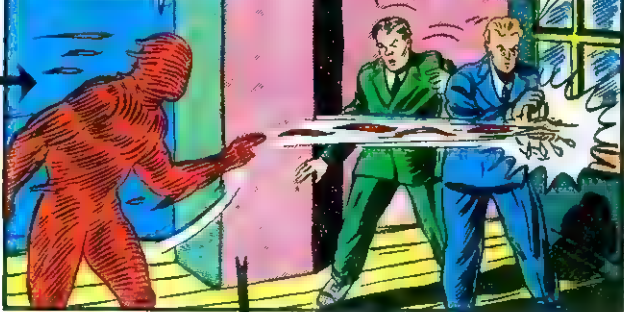


THE TORCH MOVES SWIFTLY, SENDING HIS FLAMING FISTS INTO THE CAPPED GUNMAN'S FACE, WHILE ANOTHER GANGSTER WAVES A LANTERN IN THE WINDOW



SO, THE LANTERN IS A SIGNAL FOR HELP, EH?

FLAMES ARE SHOOTING FROM HIS FINGER TIPS! THE LANTERN-IT'S MELTING!



THEN A SHEET OF FLAME FLIPS FROM THE TORCH'S ARM AND HOLDS BOTH MEN TO THE WALL

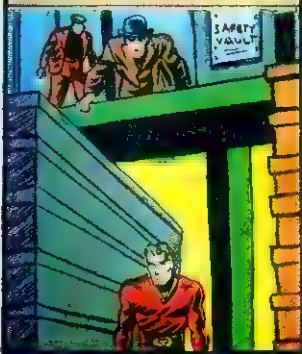


THAT'LL HOLD YOU TILL THE OTHERS ARRIVE!

SUBDUING HIS OWN FLAME, THE TORCH TAKES COVER BETWEEN ROWS OF STEEL GIRDERS.



WHILE THRU A DOOR DIRECTLY OVER THE TORCH, SILENT FIGURES SUDDENLY GLIDE.....



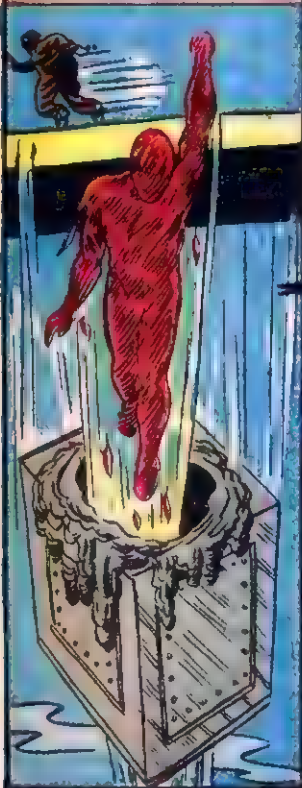
THE TORCH IS BELOW US - GIVE ME A HAND TO PUSH THIS VAULT OVER! IT MIGHT CRUSH HIM BEFORE HE CAN TURN HIS FLAME ON!



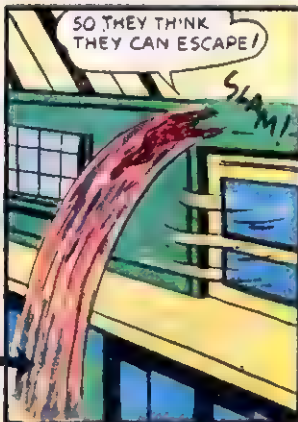
WHAT TH-



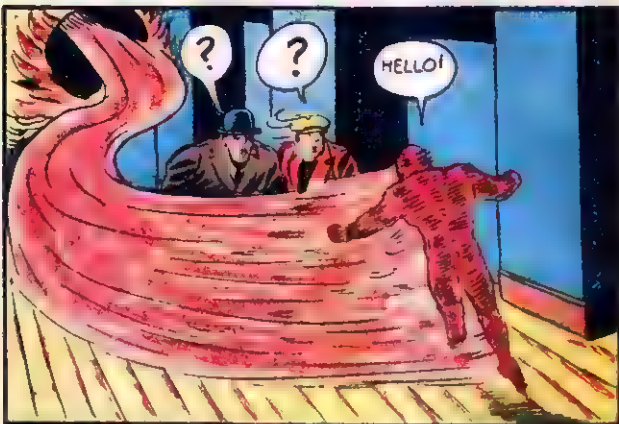
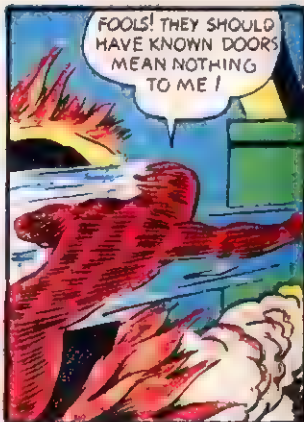
IN A FLASH THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS THRU THE HEAVY STRONG-BOX.



SO THEY THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE!



FOOLS! THEY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN DOORS MEAN NOTHING TO ME!



AS THE MEN REACH FOR THEIR GUNS, THE TORCH'S BLAZING HANDS REDUCE THEM TO MOLTEN METAL



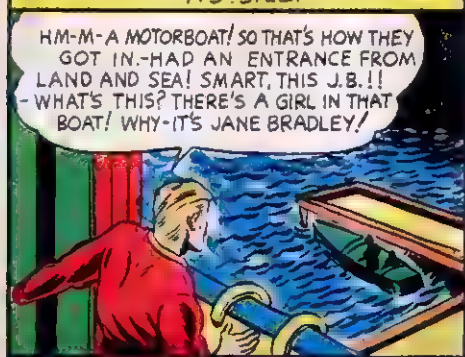
THEN, SUBDUING HIS FLAME, THE TORCH GOES TO WORK WITH HIS FISTS



THERE! NOW TO FIND OUT HOW THESE MEN GAINED THEIR ENTRANCE!



THE TORCH MOVES TOWARD AN OPEN WINDOW WITH A LADDER RESTING ON ITS SILL.



H-M-M-A MOTORBOAT! SO THAT'S HOW THEY GOT IN.-HAD AN ENTRANCE FROM LAND AND SEA! SMART, THIS J.B.!! -WHAT'S THIS? THERE'S A GIRL IN THAT BOAT! WHY-IT'S JANE BRADLEY!

DAUGHTER OF NICK BRADLEY, CONVICTED OF GRAFTING WHILE IN PUBLIC OFFICE! BLAZES, SHE MUST BE J.B.!

THE BOYS SHOULD'VE BEEN OUT LONG AGO, SLIM!

YEAH, UNLESS SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO 'EM!



LOOK-THE WINDOW! IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! SLIM! OPEN THOSE MOTORS-WIDE! WE'RE NOT WAITING!

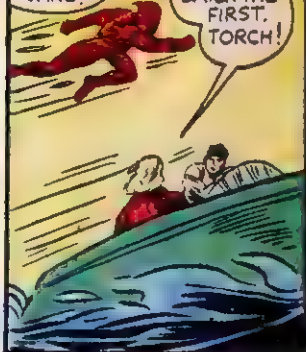


AS THE BOAT ROARS AWAY, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND FOLLOWS.

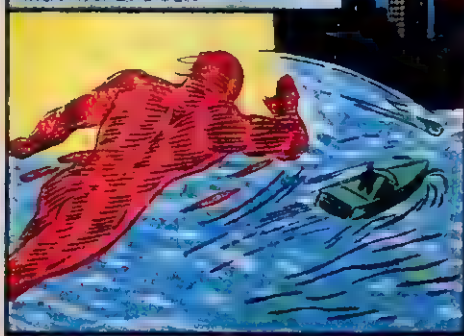


YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP, JANE!

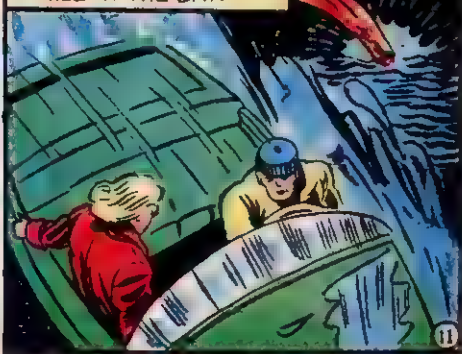
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, TORCH!



THE TORCH CIRCLES HIS ARM AND HURLS A BLAZING BALL OF FIRE AFTER THE FAST MOVING LAUNCH.



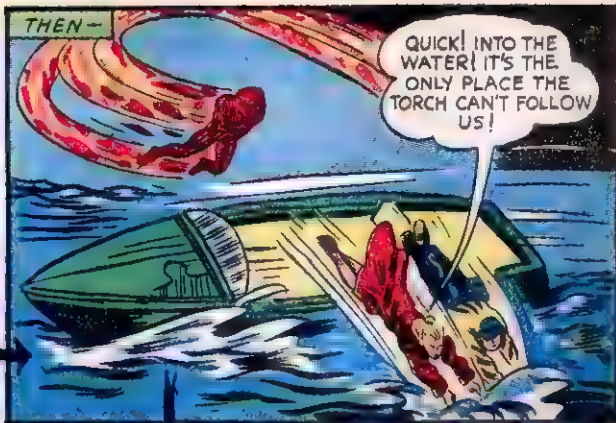
BUT THE BOAT SWERVES SHARPLY, AND THE FLAMES SIZZLE IN THE BAY.



WITH A POWERFUL DIVE, THE TORCH
SWOOPS DOWN AND GRASPS
THE WHEEL FROM SLIM'S HAND



THEN —



IT'S NO USE, JANE!
THERE'S A POLICE
BOAT COMING —
AND THEY'VE
SPOTTED US!

THERE'S
NOTHING
LEFT BUT
TO GIVE
UP!



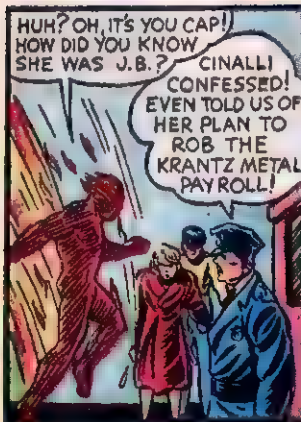
FISH THOSE TWO
OUT! THE GIRL IS
J.B.!

I
KNOW
THAT!



HUH? OH, IT'S YOU CAP!
HOW DID YOU KNOW
SHE WAS J.B.?

CINALLI
CONFERRED!
EVEN TOLD US OF
HER PLAN TO
ROB THE
KRANTZ METAL
PAYROLL!



AND I ALMOST FORGOT—
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER
SAYS IT'S ALL RIGHT
TO REINSTATE
YOU ON THE
FORCE!

GOOD! THAT
SURE IS A
RELIEF!
WHAT'S MY NEXT
JOB, CAP?



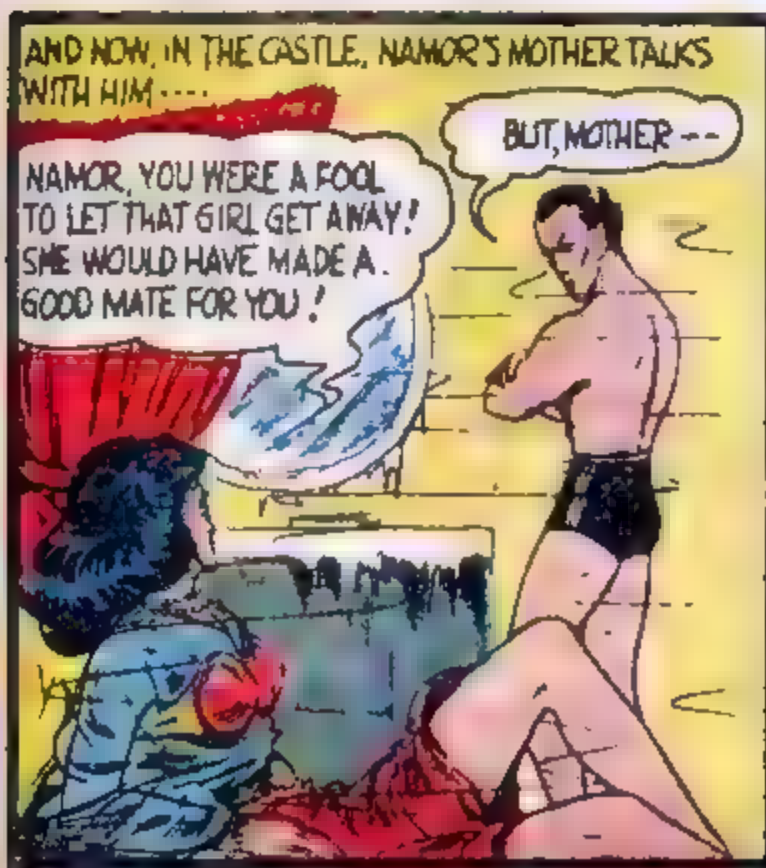
NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER COMPLETE

**HUMAN
TORCH**

PICTURE
ACTION
STORY!



DUE TO A SUDDEN CHANGE OF THE SUB-MARINER'S HEART, LUTHER ROBINSON, LYNNE HARRIS, AND LUTHER'S FIRST MATE, "MICKY," ARE PERMITTED TO ESCAPE FROM NAMOR'S ICE-CASTLE IN THEIR SEAPLANE. THEY HAVE BEEN HELD PRISONERS SINCE NAMOR SUNK LUTHER'S SUPER-YACHT, WHICH LUTHER HAD SAILED TO THE ANTARCTIC ON AN EXPEDITION PURPORTED TO BRING ABOUT THE EXTERMINATION OF NAMOR AND HIS RACE OF SUB-MARINERS.



AND NOW, IN THE CASTLE, NAMOR'S MOTHER TALKS WITH HIM....

NAMOR, YOU WERE A FOOL TO LET THAT GIRL GET AWAY! SHE WOULD HAVE MADE A GOOD MATE FOR YOU!

BUT, MOTHER --



SHE WOULD HAVE MADE A GOOD WIFE, YES - BUT YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT SHE IS AN AMERICAN, AND A THOROUGH BRED, WHILE ONLY THREE-QUARTERS OF MY BLOOD IS THAT OF THE WHITE MAN. ALSO, YOU FORGET THAT THE AMERICANS ARE OUR ENEMIES!

PRINCE NAMOR! HIGHNESS! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!

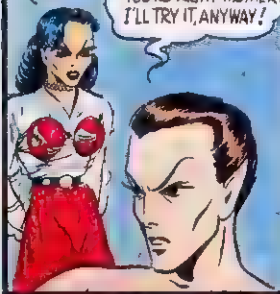
HONORED PRINCE, OUR FIRST-
LINE SCOUTS REPORT THAT
THE PLANE IN WHICH THE THREE
AMERICANS ESCAPED HAS
BEEN FORCED DOWN ABOUT
FIFTEEN KILOMETERS FROM
Nº 203 LOOKOUT! OUR MEN

AWAIT
INSTRUCTIONS.



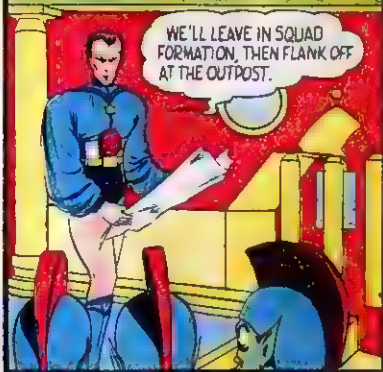
GOOD - HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, NAMOR!
YOU CAN RECAPTURE THE GIRL, AND
BRING HER BACK HERE!

PERHAPS - MAYBE
YOU'RE RIGHT MOTHER.
I'LL TRY IT, ANYWAY!

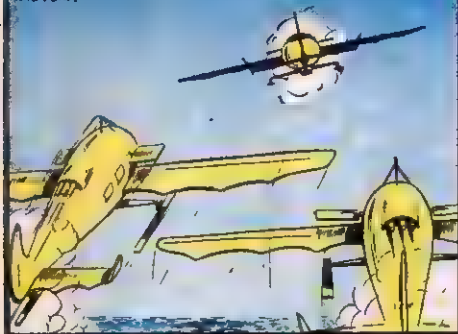


THIRTY MINUTES LATER NAMOR ASSEMBLES HIS
PRIVATE GRENADIER SQUADRON ---

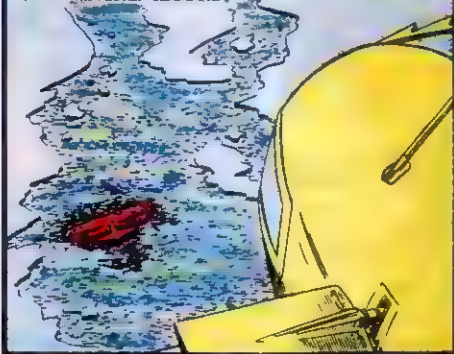
WE'LL LEAVE IN SQUAD
FORMATION, THEN FLANK OFF
AT THE OUTPOST.



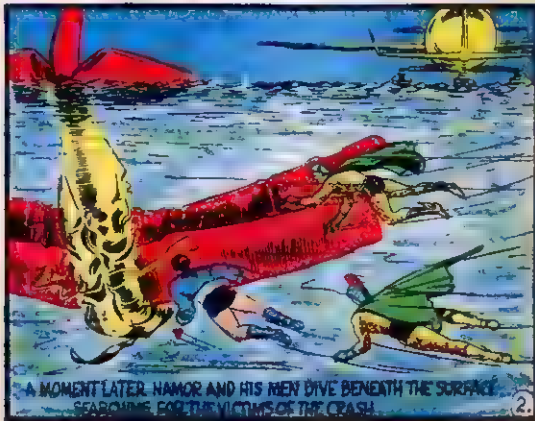
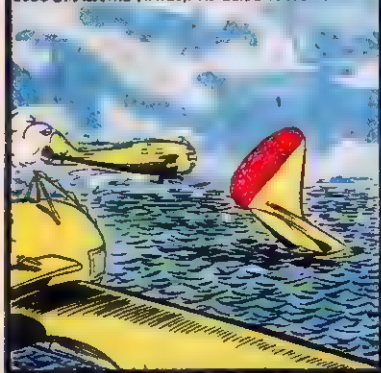
IN SHORT ORDER THE FLIGHT IS IN PROGRESS. THE ARTIFICIAL-
STEAM PROPELLED AERIAL-SUBMARINES SPEEDING THROUGH
THE WATER, THEN CLEAVING THE SURFACE AND SOARING INTO
THE AIR.



AN HOUR LATER, NAMOR'S AMPHIBIAN HOVERS OVER A DARK
BLEMISH ON THE COLD ANTARCTIC WATER - OIL SPREADING
FROM THE FELLED SEAPLANE!



WITH A GREAT SOFT HISS, THE SKIDS OF THE AERIAL
SUBS SMACK THE WAVES, AND GLIDE TO A STOP.



A MOMENT LATER, NAMOR AND HIS MEN DIVE BENEATH THE SURFACE
SEARCHING FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE CRASH.

RIGHTING THE PLANE WHILE STILL UNDER WATER, NAMOR EXAMINES THE COCKPIT.

NO ONE HERE! PERHAPS THEY—



FINDING IT EMPTY, HE CLIMBS ONTO A NEARBY ICE-FLOE

BUT NO—THEY COULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED! THERE IS NOTHING BUT ICE AND WATER FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES AROUND HERE —

HELLO—WHAT'S THIS?



ONE OF OUR BLANKETS, AND A MAN'S HANDKERCHIEF! THEY MUST HAVE SLIPPED OFF THE EDGE OF THE FLOE, AND DROWNED, AND WERE CARRIED AWAY BY THE CURRENT. WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO THE CASTLE.



FLYING LOW, SPEEDING HOMEWARD

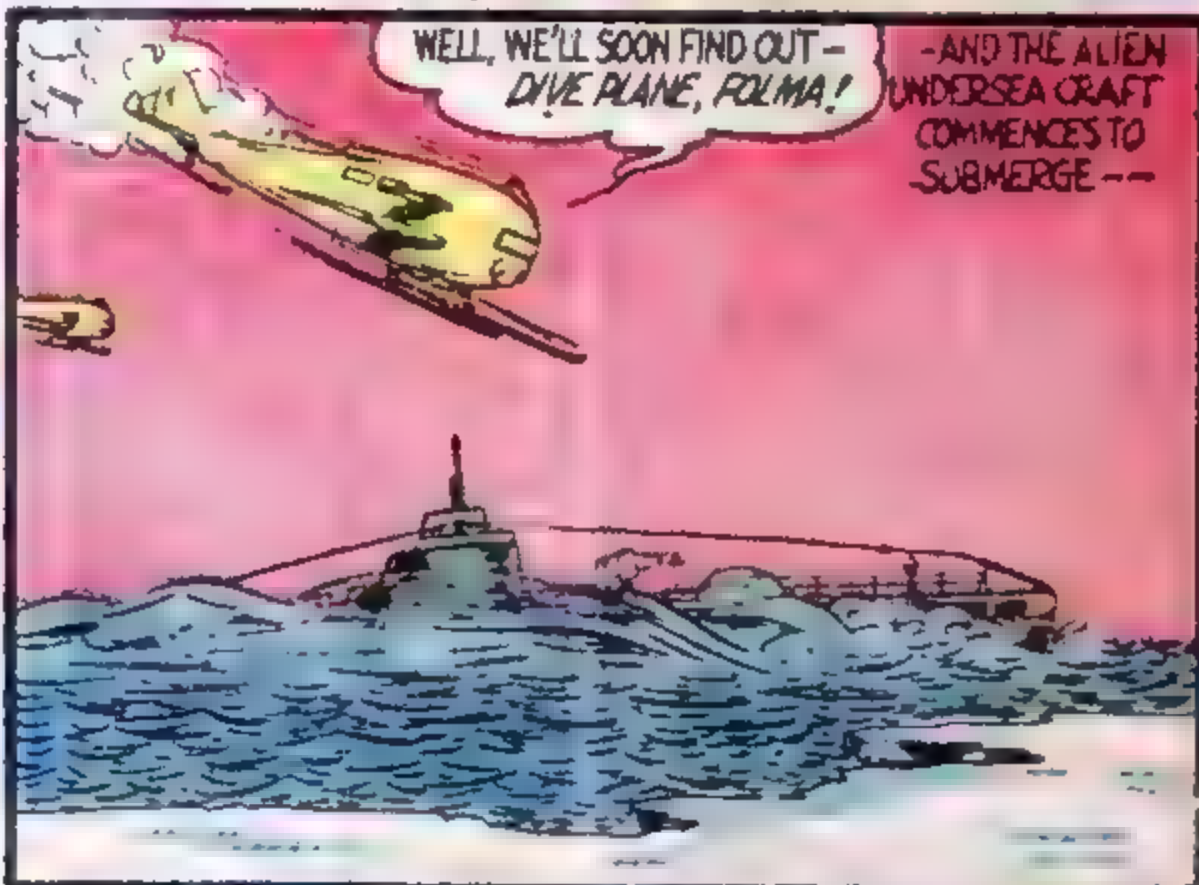
FOLMA, LOOK! A WHITE MAN'S SUB-MARINE! BUT WHAT IS IT DOING IN THESE WATERS?

I KNOW NOT, HONORED SIR!



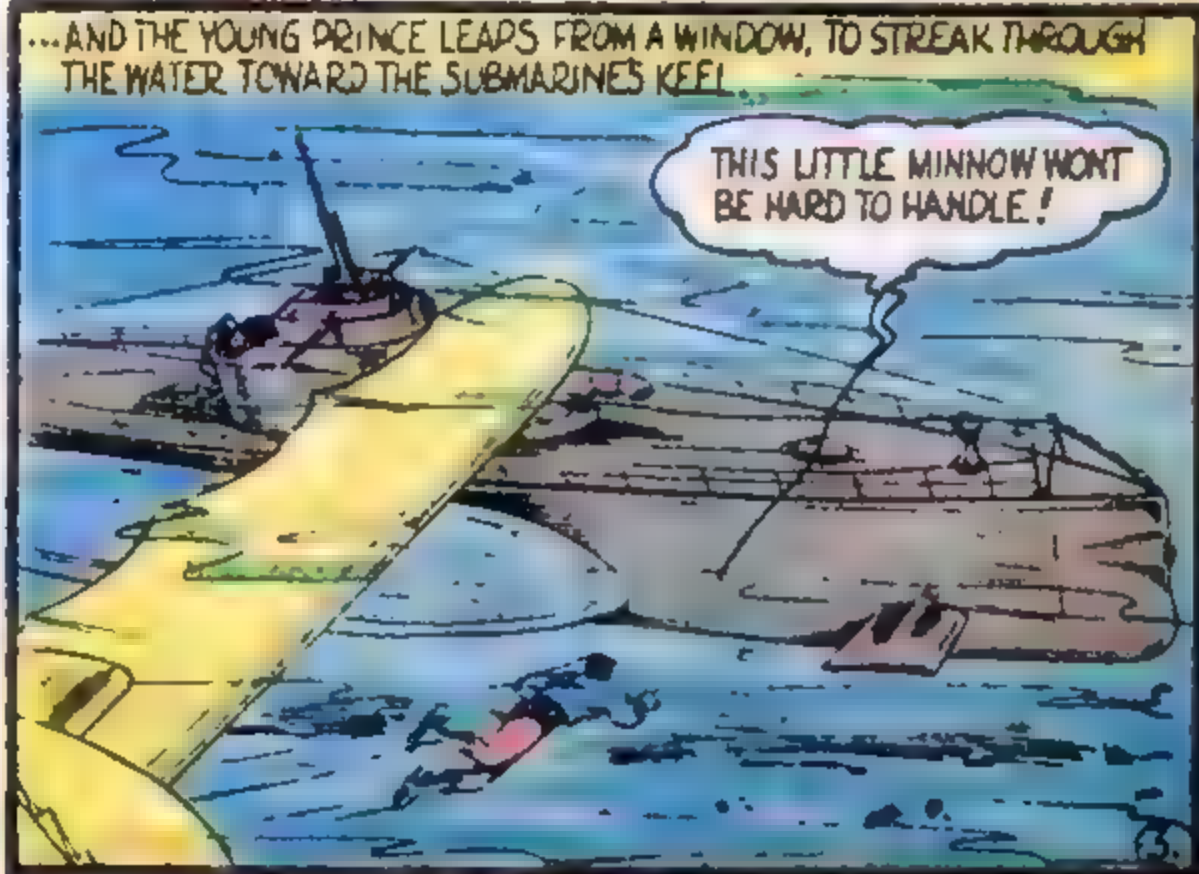
WELL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT—
DIVE PLANE, FOLMA!

—AND THE ALIEN
UNDERSEA CRAFT
COMMENCES TO
SUBMERGE —



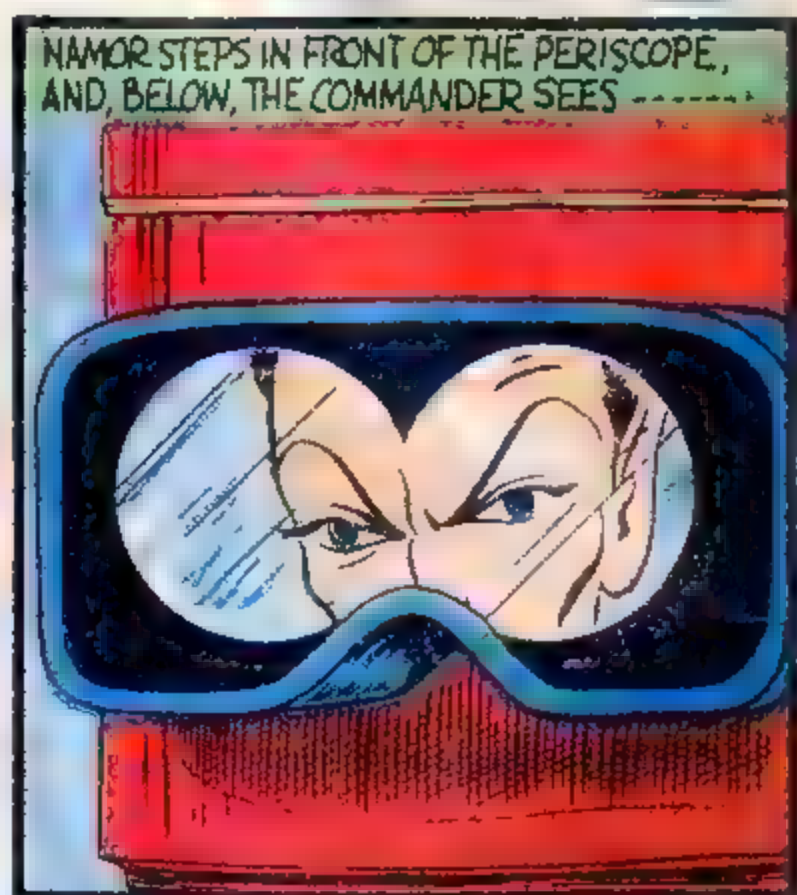
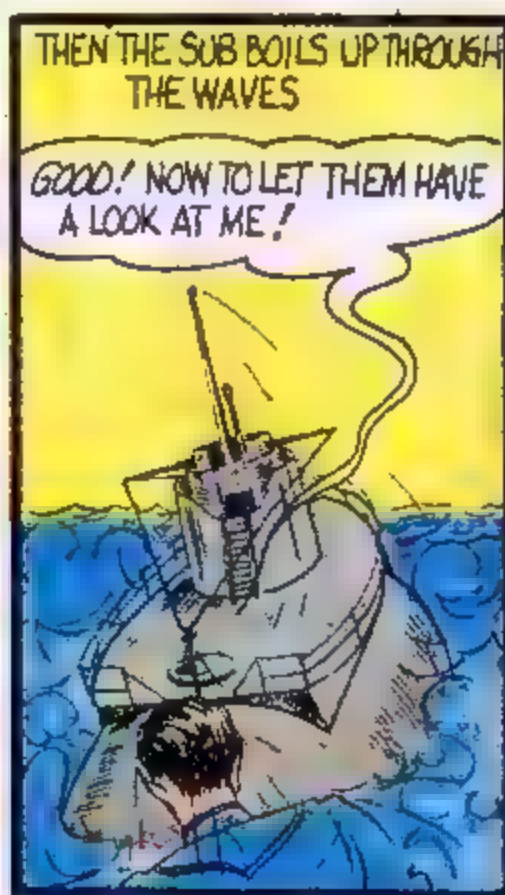
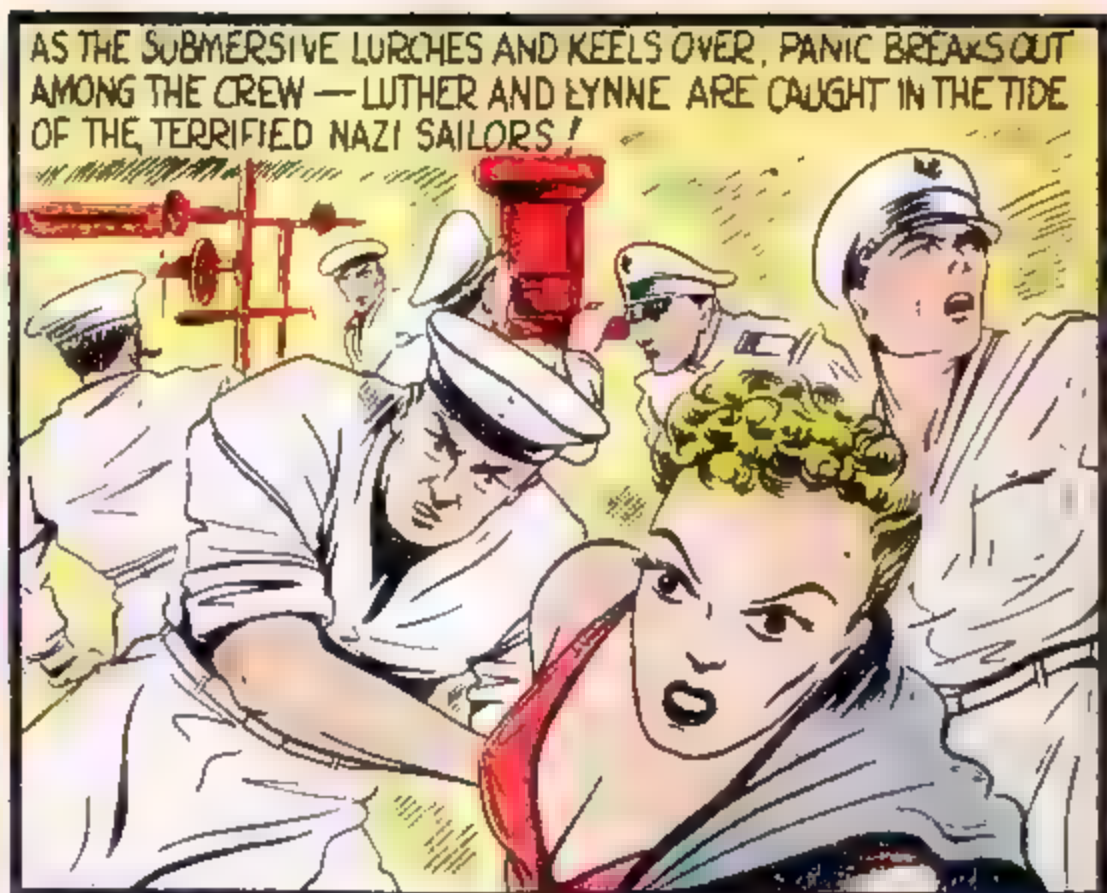
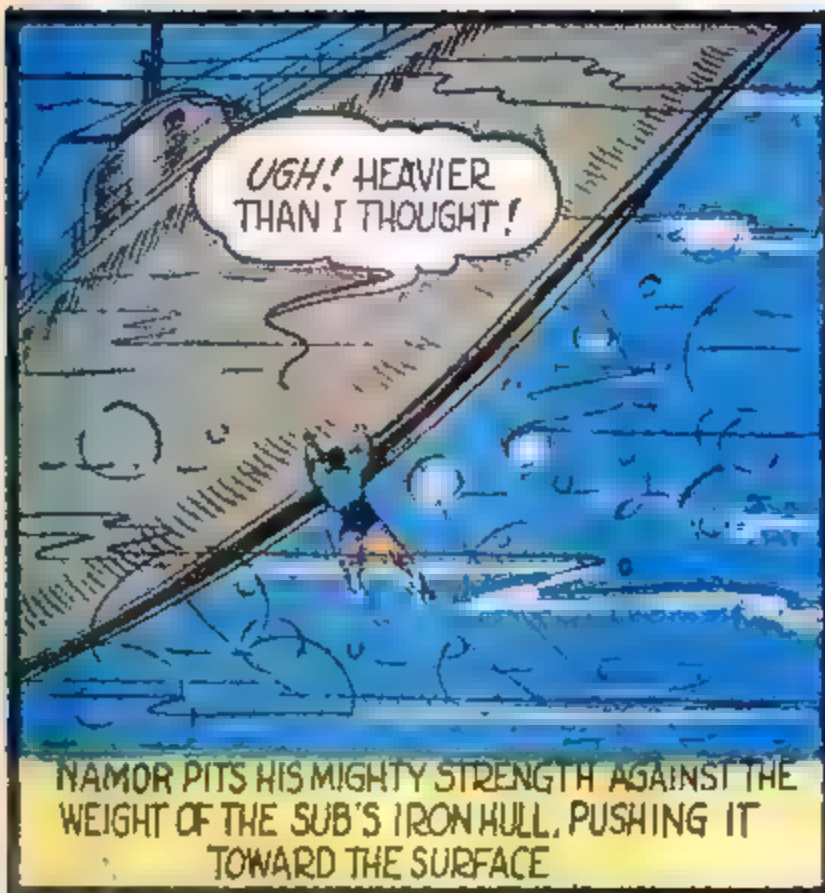
...AND THE YOUNG PRINCE LEAPS FROM A WINDOW, TO STREAK THROUGH THE WATER TOWARD THE SUBMARINE'S KEEL.

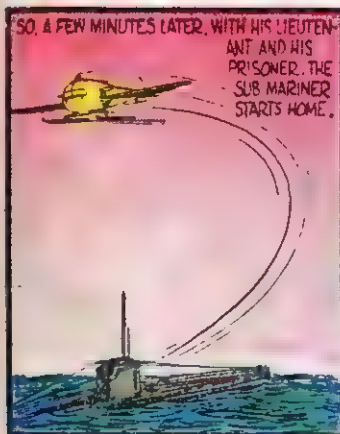
THIS LITTLE MINNOW WON'T
BE HARD TO HANDLE!



AS IT SINKS, NAMOR'S AMPHIBIAN CRASHES THROUGH AFTER IT



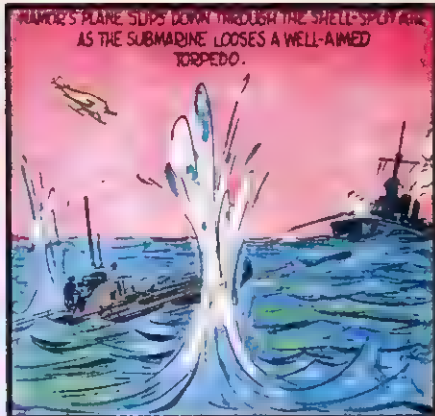




NO SOONER DOES NAMOR SPEAK THAN THE DESTROYER CUTS LOOSE WITH ITS FORWARD GUNS - AND A SHELL SCREAMS OUT AT THE NAZI SUBMARINE!



NAMOR'S PLANE SLIPS DOWN THROUGH THE SHELL'S SPY RING AS THE SUBMARINE LOOSES A WELL-AIMED TORPEDO.



THE SUB'S CREW MANS THE DECK GUN - AS THE TORPEDO HITS THE DESTROYER.

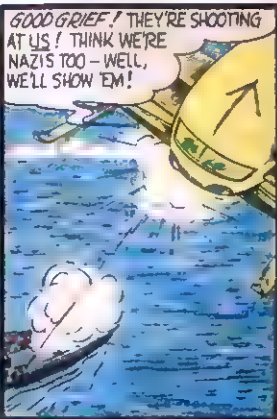


THE DESTROYER BEGINS TO ROLL OVER, AND ON THE PORT DECK ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS POINT THEIR MUZZLES SKYWARD!

GET THOSE PLANES!!! THEY MUST BE THE U-BOAT'S CONVOY!

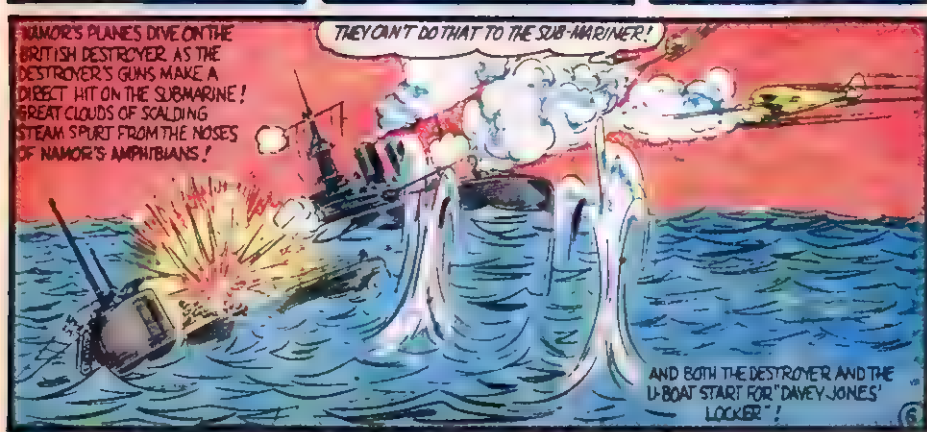


GOOD GRIEF! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US! THINK WE'RE NAZIS TOO - WELL, WE'LL SHOW 'EM!

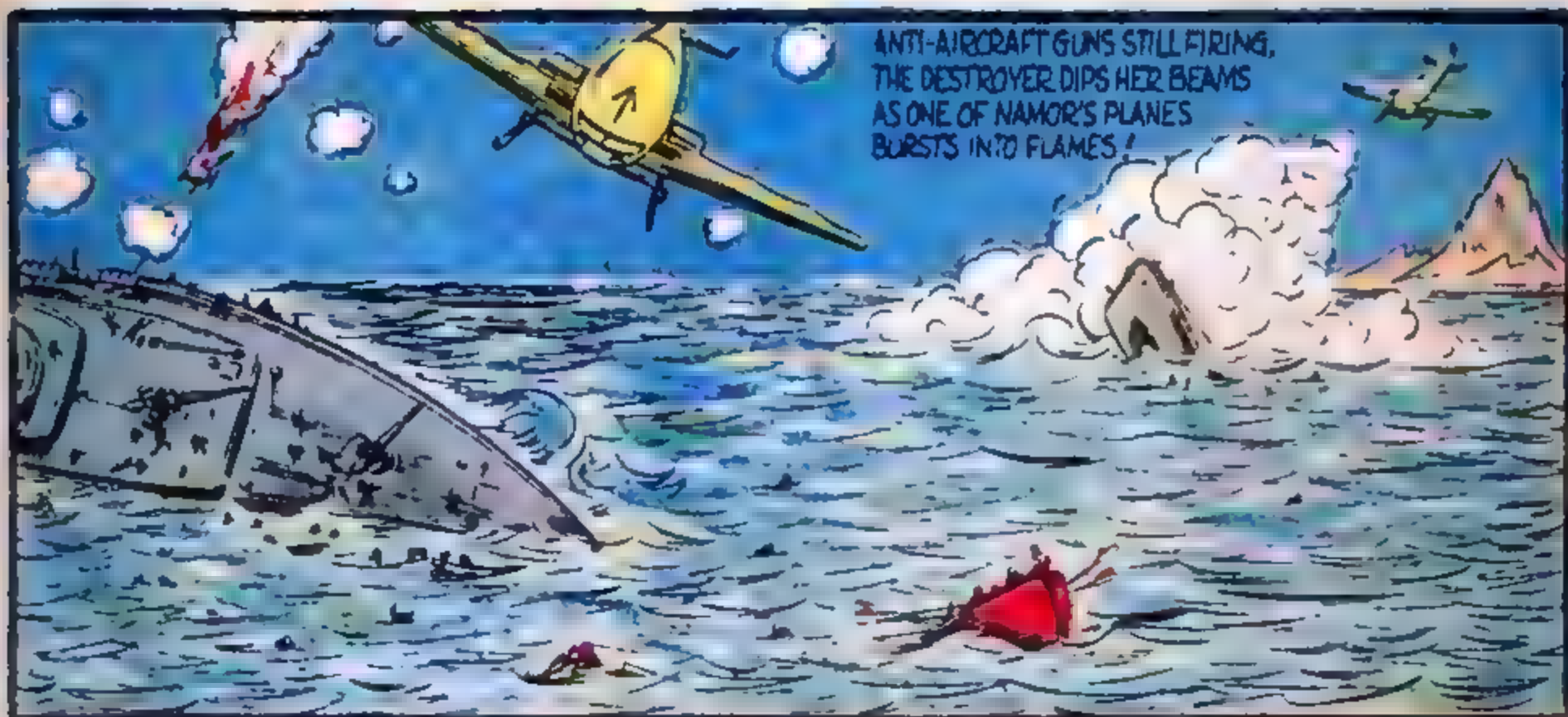


NAMOR'S PLANES DIVE ON THE BRITISH DESTROYER AS THE DESTROYER'S GUNS MAKE A DIRECT HIT ON THE SUBMARINE! GREAT CLOUDS OF SCALDING STEAM SPURT FROM THE NOSES OF NAMOR'S AMPHIBIANS!

THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO THE SUB-MARINER!



AND BOTH THE DESTROYER AND THE U-BOAT START FOR "DAVEY JONES' LOCKER"!



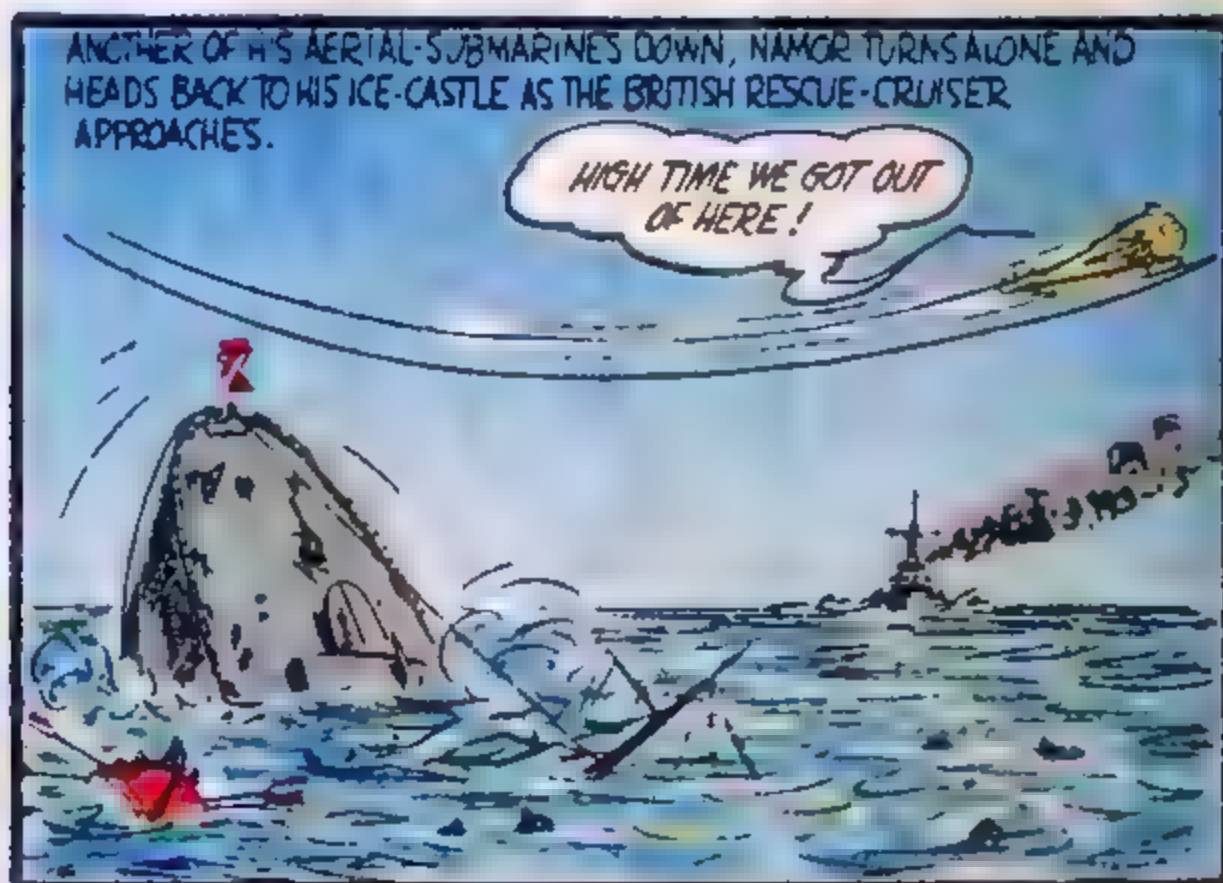
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS STILL FIRING,
THE DESTROYER DIPS HER BEAMS
AS ONE OF NAMOR'S PLANES
BURSTS INTO FLAMES!



AND IN THE SINKING SHIP'S WIRELESS
SHACK -

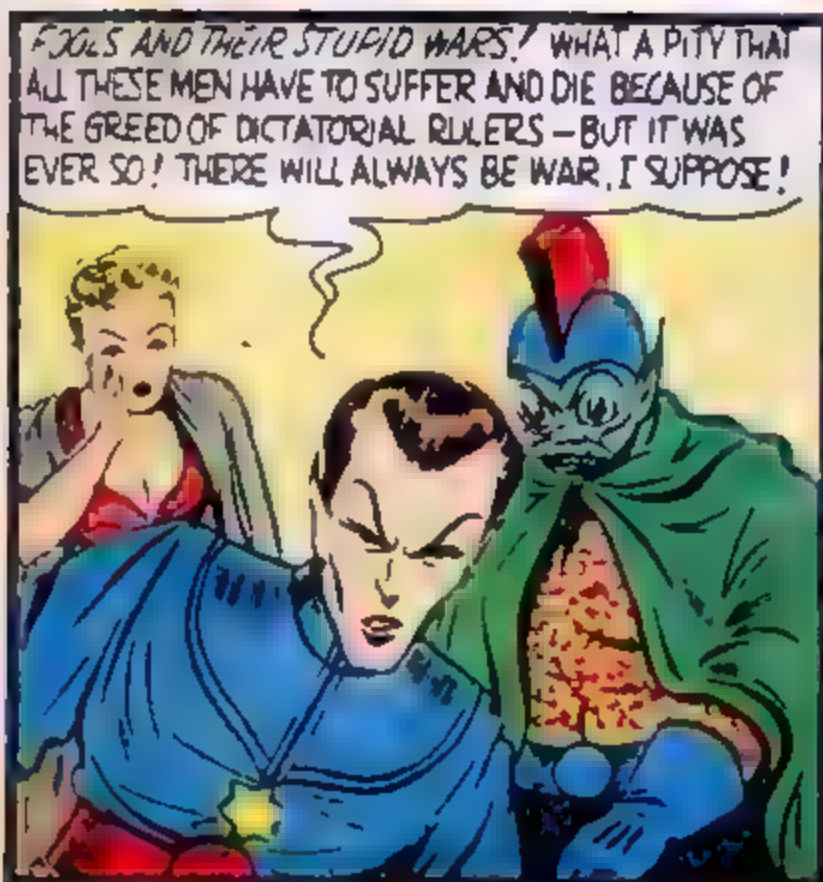
COME ON, CARTER!
LET'S GO!

JUST A SECOND - I'VE
CONTACTED A
CRUISER!

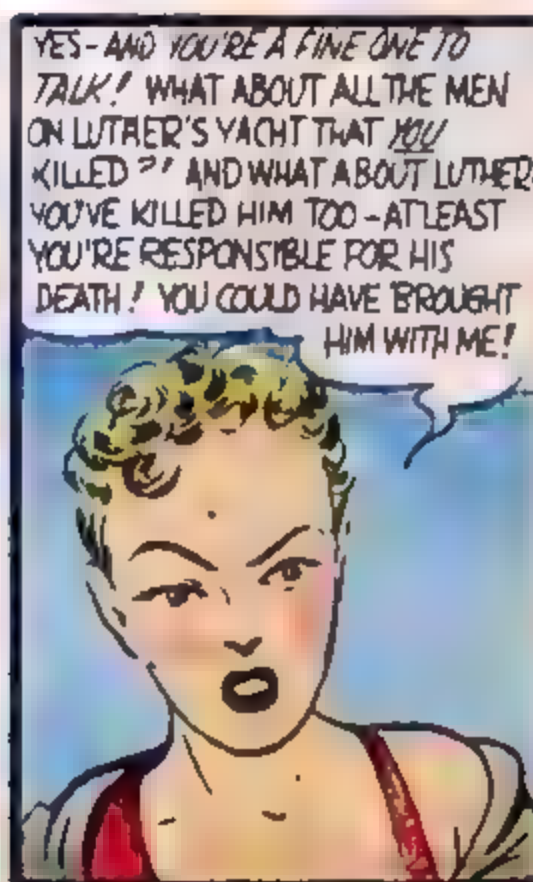


ANOTHER OF HIS AERIAL-SUBMARINES DOWN, NAMOR TURNS ALONE AND
HEADS BACK TO HIS ICE-CASTLE AS THE BRITISH RESCUE-CRUISER
APPROACHES.

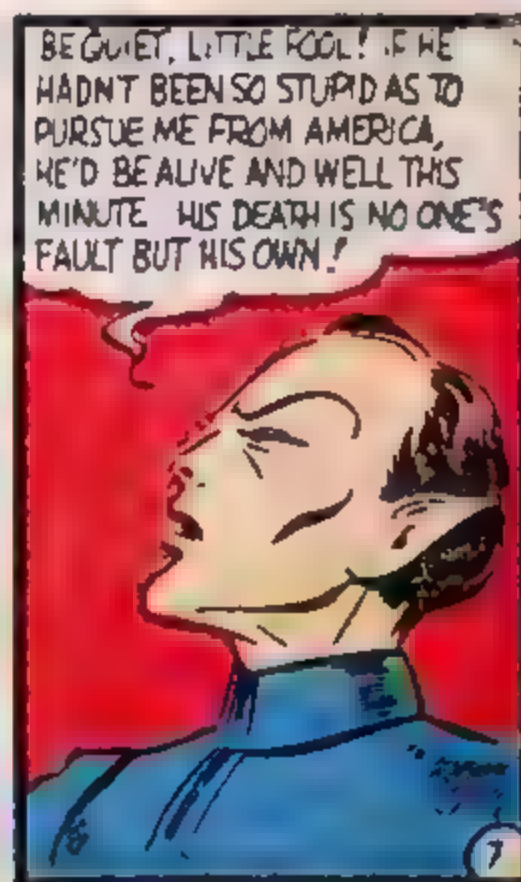
HIGH TIME WE GOT OUT
OF HERE!



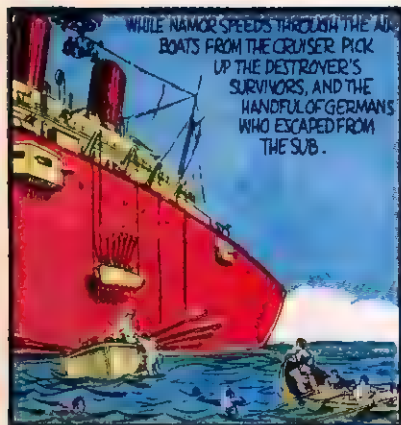
FOOLS AND THEIR STUPID WARS! WHAT A PITY THAT
ALL THESE MEN HAVE TO SUFFER AND DIE BECAUSE OF
THE GREED OF DICTATORIAL RULERS - BUT IT WAS
EVER SO! THERE WILL ALWAYS BE WAR, I SUPPOSE!



YES - AND YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO
TALK! WHAT ABOUT ALL THE MEN
ON LUTHER'S YACHT THAT YOU
KILLED? AND WHAT ABOUT LUTHER?
YOU'VE KILLED HIM TOO - AT LEAST
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS
DEATH! YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT
HIM WITH ME!



BE QUIET, LITTLE FOOL! IF HE
HADN'T BEEN SO STUPID AS TO
PURSUE ME FROM AMERICA,
HE'D BE ALIVE AND WELL THIS
MINUTE. HIS DEATH IS NO ONE'S
FAULT BUT HIS OWN!

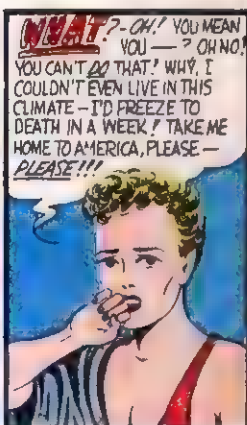


WHILE NAMOR SPEEDS THROUGH THE AIR, BOATS FROM THE CRUISER PICK UP THE DESTROYER'S SURVIVORS, AND THE HANDFUL OF GERMANS WHO ESCAPED FROM THE SUB.



WHY YOU HEARTLESS —?? AND WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO WITH ME?

YOU, MY DEAR, ARE TO BE MY WIFE!



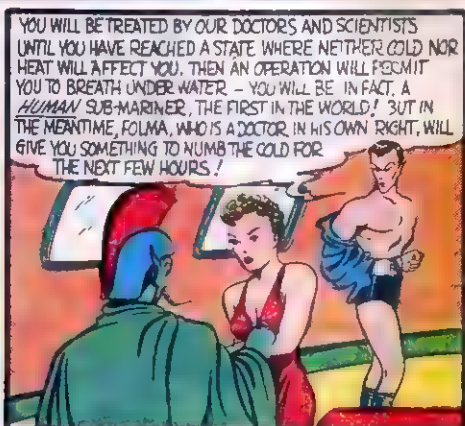
WHAT? — OH! YOU MEAN YOU —? OH NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! WHY, I COULDN'T EVEN LIVE IN THIS CLIMATE — I'D FREEZE TO DEATH IN A WEEK! TAKE ME HOME TO AMERICA, PLEASE — PLEASE!!!



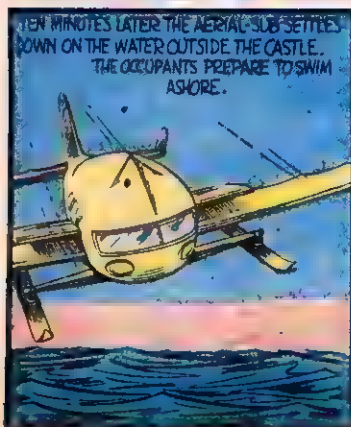
FOLMA, TAKE THE WHEEL. I WANT TO TALK TO THIS YOUNG LADY!



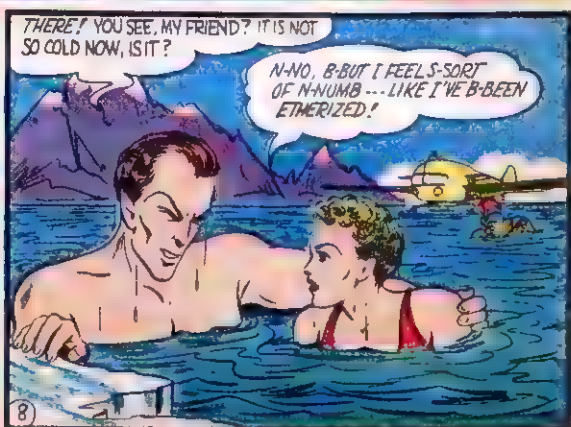
LISTEN, MY CHILD, IT IS MY MOTHER'S WISH THAT I TAKE YOU FOR MY MATE — AND NO ONE DISOBEYS MY MOTHER, THE PRINCESS!



YOU WILL BE TREATED BY OUR DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS UNTIL YOU HAVE REACHED A STATE WHERE NEITHER COLD NOR HEAT WILL AFFECT YOU. THEN AN OPERATION WILL PERMIT YOU TO BREATHE UNDER WATER — YOU'LL BE, IN FACT, A HUMAN SUB-MARINER, THE FIRST IN THE WORLD! BUT IN THE MEANTIME, FOLMA, WHO IS A DOCTOR IN HIS OWN RIGHT, WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO NUMB THE COLD FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS!



TEN MINUTES LATER THE AERIAL SUB SETTLES DOWN ON THE WATER OUTSIDE THE CASTLE. THE OCCUPANTS PREPARE TO SWIM ASHORE.



THERE! YOU SEE, MY FRIEND? IT IS NOT SO COLD NOW, IS IT?

N-NO, B-BUT I FEELS SORT OF N-NUMB... LIKE I'VE B-BEEN ETHERIZED!

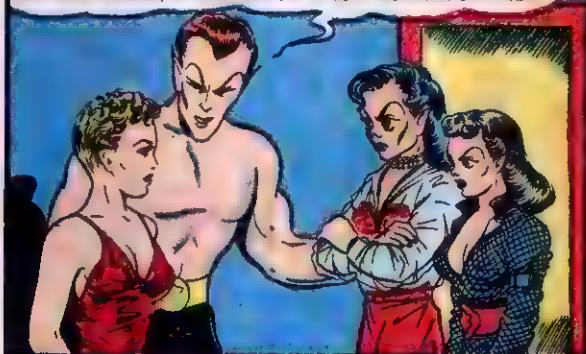
NAMOR LEADS THE WAY TO THE CASTLE

THAT'LL WEAR OFF IN A LITTLE TIME.
MEANWHILE I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR
NEW HOME.

GREETINGS, PRINCE!



LYNNE HARRIS, MEET MY MOTHER, THE PRINCESS - AND MY COUSIN, DORNA.
THEY WILL LOOK AFTER YOU, AND PREPARE YOU FOR THE OPERATION. THEY
BOTH SPEAK ENGLISH, SO YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING THEM.



SOMETIME LATER.....

GREETINGS, HONORABLE DOCTORS - IS
EVERYTHING SET?

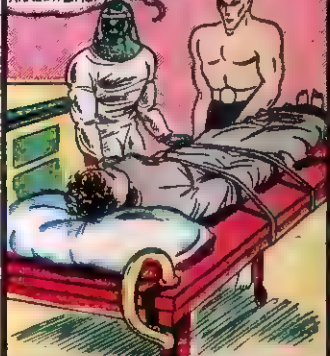
WE ARE
READY.



GOOD! BRING THE AMERICAN
GIRL IN, GUARDS - STRAP HER
TO THE TABLE!



IT WILL BE PAINLESS, YOUNG LADY - DO NOT BE
AFRAID. WE SHALL USE AN
ANAESTHETIC.



During THE ENSUING HOUR.....

A LITTLE MORE ETHER, DOCTOR - MORE
CUPS, NURSE! STEADY, NOW!

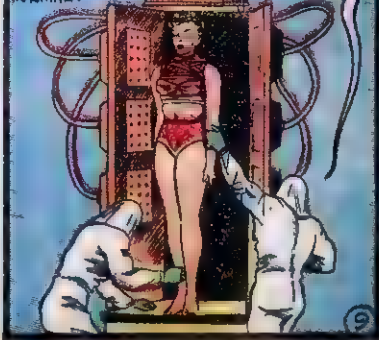


DONE! SHE WILL BE
ABLE TO BREATHE UNDER
WATER NOW. NEXT WE'LL
PREPARE HER FOR
IMMUNITY TO WEATHER
EQUIPMENT READY,
GENTLEMEN?

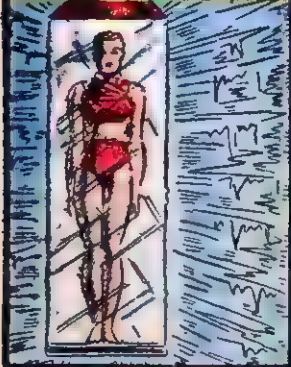


LYNNE'S UNCONSCIOUS
BODY IS PLACED
ERECT IN A WEIRD
MACHINE.

CAREFUL,
DOCTOR!



AND AMID A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT SHE IS FROZEN IN A SOLID BLOCK OF ICE!!!



BUT WAIT! THE DOOR SUDDENLY BURSTS OPEN - IT IS LUTHER!

SO!



DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND YOU, YOU WATER-RATS! FREEZE MY GIRL, WILL YOU? - WELL, SEE IF YOU CAN FREEZE THIS !!!



IN THE EXPLOSION, THE ICE BLOCK SPLITS!



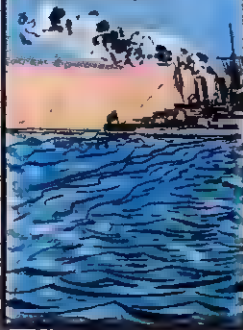
DIRTY SNAKES! THOUGHT THEY'D DONE AWAY WITH ME, BUT THEY DIDN'T FIGURE I'D ESCAPE FROM THE SUBMARINE AND BE PICKED UP BY THE RESCUE CRUISER! NOW TO GET BACK TO THE LONG-BOAT ----



HURRY, MEN! GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP BEFORE THE WHOLE TRIBE TAKES OUT AFTER US!

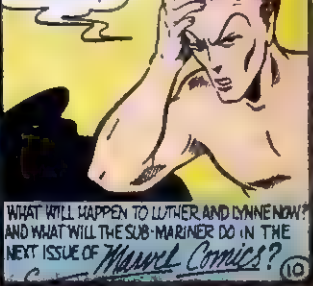


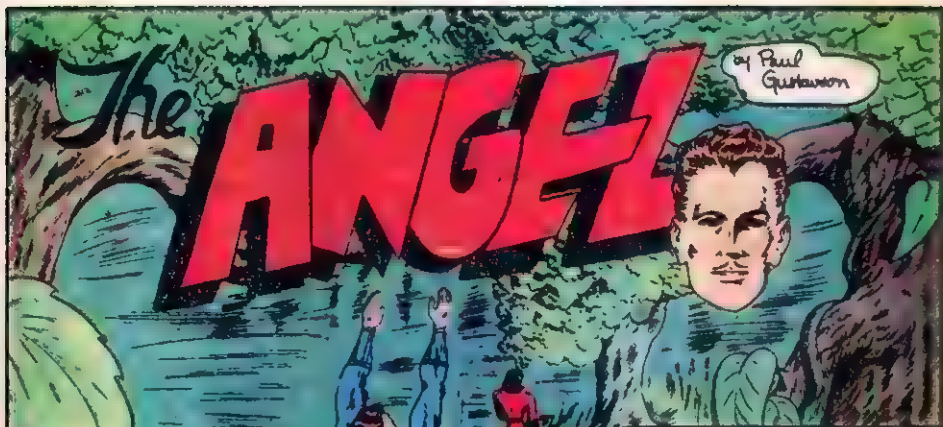
A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE AMERICANS ARE SAFELY ON BOARD, AND THE BRITISH WARSHIP STEAMS OVER THE HORIZON



BACK IN THE OPERATING-ROOM ----

OOOOON! A HAND-GRENADE! SO, THEY TOOK US BY SURPRISE, AND GOT AWAY AGAIN!





I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE TO GET HER OUT OF THIS PLACE BEFORE THE SAME THING HAPPENS TO HER AS DID TO EVERYONE ELSE WHO CAME INTO THIS WEIRD SWAMP!



RISKING HIS LIFE AT EVERY MOMENT, THE ANGEL FOLLOWS SHIRLEY SMITH INTO THE DREADED 'ENCHANTED MARSH' SURROUNDING 'PIEDMONT', MOST STATELY OF ALL ESTATES IN THE SOUTH

SUDDENLY THE ANGEL IS STRUCK DOWN BY A HUGE, GROTESQUE, SHADOWY FORM...



AND FALLS INTO THE THICK ENGULFING LIQUID!



QUICKSAND AND PULLING ME DOWN EVERY SECOND! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS!



LOOKING UP, THE ANGEL SEES SHIRLEY SMITH MOVING OVER THE SMALL PATCHES OF SOLID GROUND, AS IF LED BY THAT STRANGE POWER FOR WHICH THE "ENCHANTED MARSH" HAS BECOME NOTORIOUSLY FAMOUS.



HIS EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE QUICKSAND HAS BEEN USELESS, AND NOW, ONLY THE ANGEL'S HAND EJECTS FROM HIS LIQUID TOMB



THE HAND FALLS LIMP AND ONLY A BURST OF AIR FROM BELOW REMAINS OF THE ANGEL'S PRESENCE.



SUDDENLY, A GORILLA-LIKE FORM DROPS FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE TREES TO THE SPOT WHERE THE ANGEL WENT DOWN INTO THE QUICKSAND!



THE CREATURE'S ARM STRIKES INTO THE MIRE

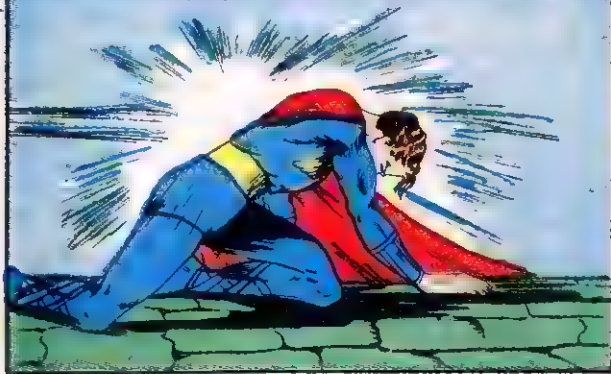


.... AND IN A FEW SECONDS, DRAWS OUT THE LIMP BODY OF THE ANGEL.



TOSSING THE LIMP BODY OVER HIS SHOULDER, THE FIGURE MAKES TO THE TREE-TOPS.

LATER, THE ANGEL IS AWAKENED AS HE IS BEING
SPRAYED BY A POWERFUL HOSE



ABOVE THE NOISE OF THE
SPATTERING, A CRACKLING
VOICE BELLOWES OUT...

HEH-HEH-HEH! A
PRETTY SIGHT!



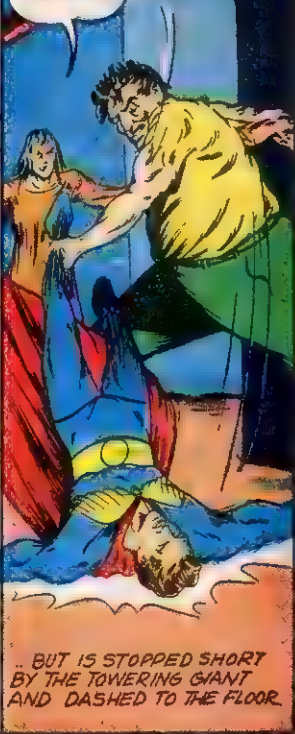
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD
ENTER THE ENCHANTED MARSH
AND LEAVE AGAIN, EH?
WELL... WE SHALL
SEE!



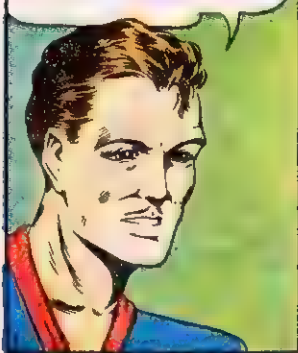
WASH HIM CLEAN, ANTONE!
THE SLIME OF THE MARSH
IS FOR THOSE WHO
INTRUDE.... NOT FOR US
TO TOUCH! AFTER THAT,
PUT HIM IN CHAINS!



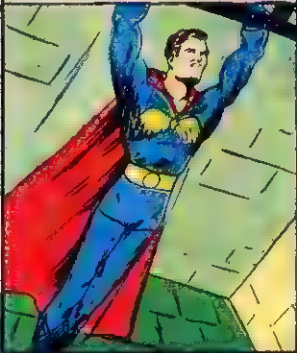
GOOD BOY
ANTONE!



CHAINS, EH? YOU'LL HAVE
TO GET YOUR HANDS
ON ME FIRST!



SPOTTING A BEAM IN THE
CEILING, THE ANGEL
STREAKS UPWARD



... BUT IS STOPPED SHORT
BY THE TOWERING GIANT
AND DASHED TO THE FLOOR.

FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER
ESCAPE FROM ANTONE!
DON'T TREAT HIM TOO
ROUGHLY, ANTONE! HIS
TENDER BONES MIGHT
BREAK!



I'LL GET OUT OF HERE
AND I'LL TAKE SHIRLEY
SMITH WITH ME! MARK
MY WORD!



OTHERS HAVE SAID THAT
BEFORE... BUT THEY'RE
STILL HERE! ANTONE,
BRING HIM INTO THE
ROOM WITH THE
OTHERS!

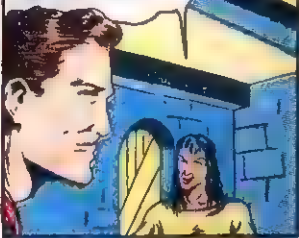


GOOD HEAVENS... WHO
ARE THEY?

THE HEIRS TO
PIEDMONT



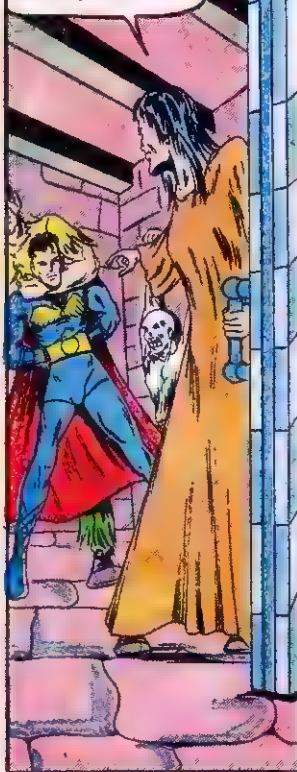
HEH! I BROUGHT THEM
HERE BY HYPNOTISM!
THEY REFUSED TO SIGN
THE DEEDS OF 'PIEDMONT'
OVER TO ME, AND
SUFFERED THE
CONSEQUENCES! NOW
I HAVE THE LAST HEIR
TO THIS BEAUTIFUL
HOMESTEAD!



SHIRLEY SMITH! IF
YOU'VE HARMED A HAIR
ON HER HEAD, I'LL TEAR
YOU TO BITS!



YOU CAN'T DO A THING
AS YOU ARE NOW, SO
STOP YOUR
FOOLISHNESS!



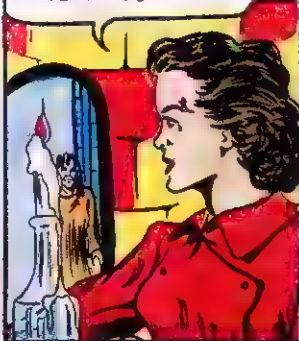
BRING HIM ALONG, ANTONIO!
PERHAPS HE WOULD
LIKE TO SEE SHIRLEY
SMITH!



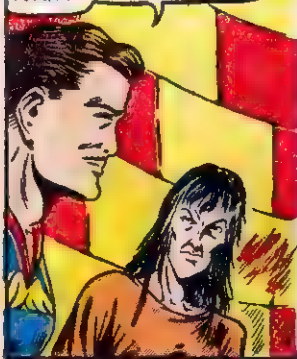
SHE IS STILL QUITE WELL...
...EVEN THOUGH HER
SURROUNDINGS ARE NOT
AS PLEASANT AS
THEY MIGHT
BE!



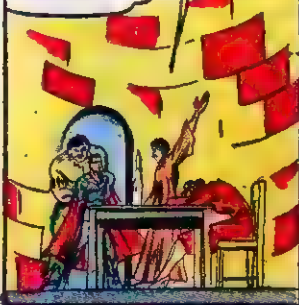
YOU'RE BACK! AN HOUR
HASN'T PASSED YET...
DON'T LET THOSE THINGS
LOOSE!! YOU CAN'T!



YOU WITCH! WHAT HAVE
YOU FRIGHTENED HER
WITH?



LOOK INTO THE TOP OF
THE TOWER! SHE IS
AFRAID OF MY PETS....
...WHO, AS YOU CAN SEE,
ARE VERY
HUNGRY!



LOOKING UP THE ANSEL
SEES HUGE VULTURES
CAGED AT THE TOP OF THE
TOWER.

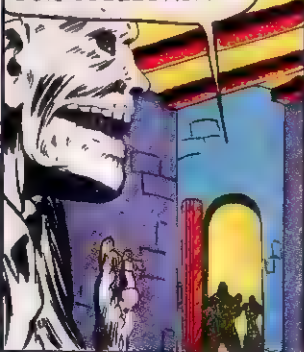
IF SHE DOESN'T SIGN THE DEEDS OF 'PIEDMONT' OVER TO ME IN AN HOUR, SHE WILL BECOME FOOD FOR MY HUNGRY FRIENDS!



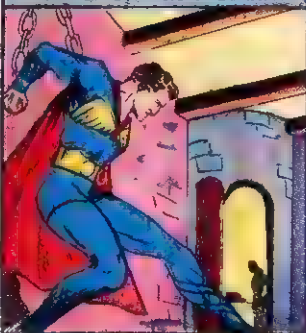
DESPERATELY THE ANGEL TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE GRIP OF THE GORILLA-LIKE CREATURE.



CHAIN HIM TO THE WALL WITH THE OTHERS! HE WILL ADD NICELY TO OUR COLLECTION!



THE TICKING SECONDS SOON BRING THE HOUR OF DOOM NEAR... AND THE ANGEL IS HELPLESS TO SAVE SHIRLEY SMITH.



I'LL SIGN THE DEEDS... I'LL SIGN!

I'LL SIGN!



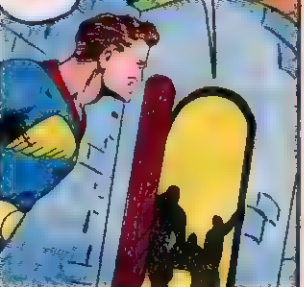
HERE... 'PIEDMONT' IS ALL YOURS! NOW LET ME FREE SO I CAN GET AS FAR AWAY FROM THIS HORRIBLE PLACE AS POSSIBLE!



THANK YOU... YOU HAVE BEEN WISE! NOW THAT I HAVE 'PIEDMONT', I SHALL RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR MISERY!



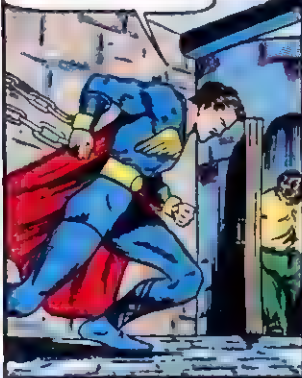
ANYONE... RELEASE THE VULTURES! FOOL... DO YOU THINK I WOULD LET YOU GO AND BRING EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE COUNTRY BACK WITH YOU?



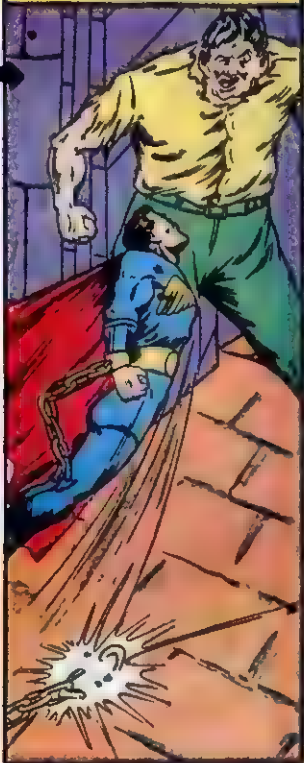
NO! DON'T LET THEM
LOOSE!!



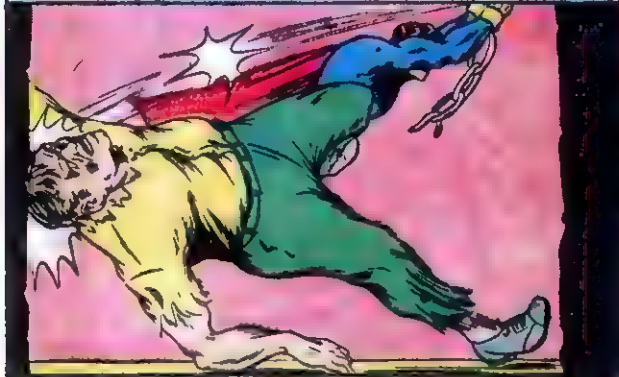
IF I COULD ONLY SNAP
THESE CHAINS!



STRAINING HIS MIGHTY
MUSCLES, THE ANGEL
SNAPS THE CHAINS—JUST
AS ANTONE COMES INTO
THE ROOM.



IN A RESOUNDING THUD, THE ANGEL SENDS
ANTONE CRASHING INTO THE STONE WALL.



YOU'VE KILLED HIM!



IN A FLASH, THE OLD HAG
LEAPS FOR THE RELEASE
TO THE CAGED VULTURES



ONCE RELEASED, THE
HUNGRY VULTURES SWEEP
DOWN AT SHIRLEY SMITH...

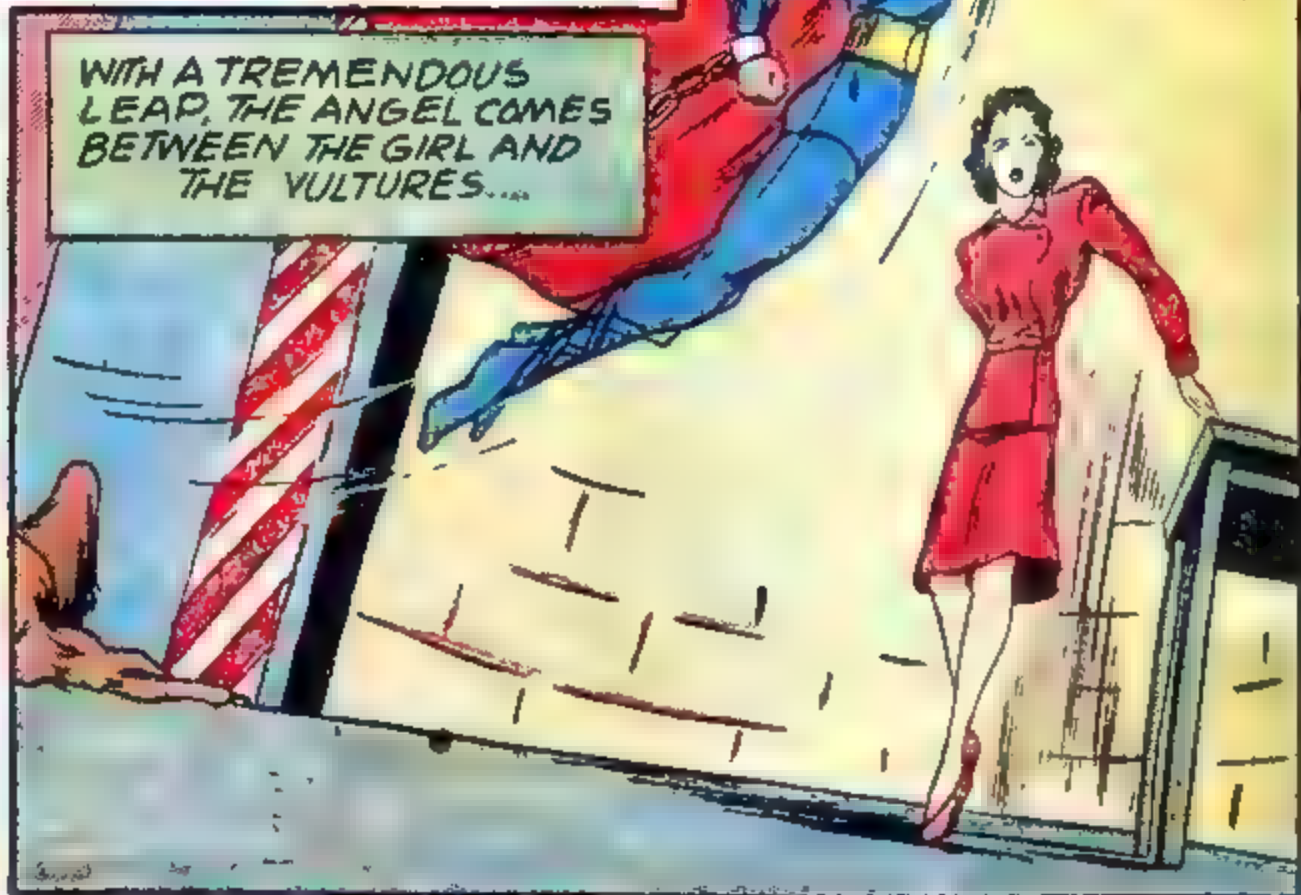




HELP! THEY'RE COMING AT ME!



NOTHING BUT MY BARE HANDS TO FIGHT THEM WITH! THIS WILL BE NO CINCH JOB!



WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP, THE ANGEL COMES BETWEEN THE GIRL AND THE VULTURES...

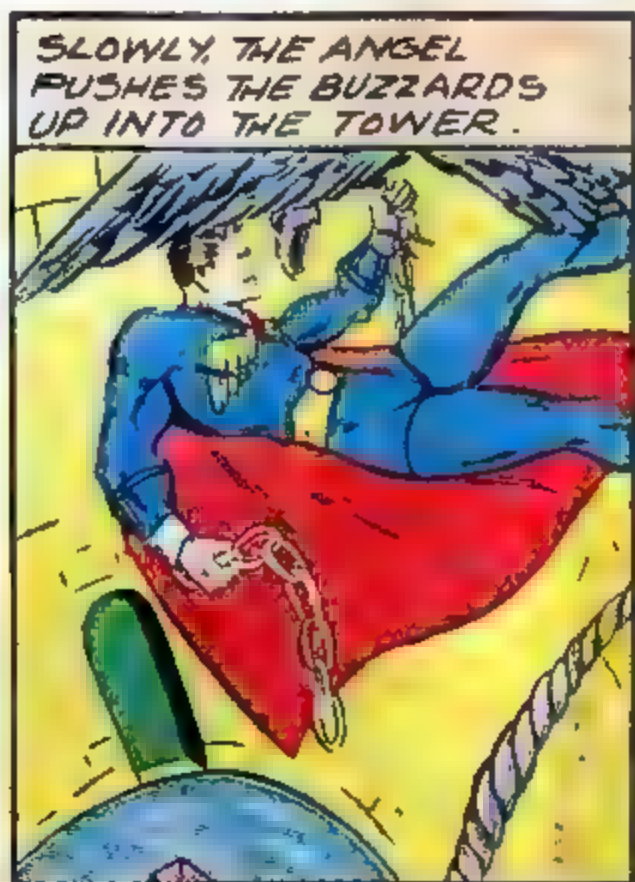


HMMM...THESE CHAINS COME IN MIGHTY HANDY!

HOLDING ON TO ONE OF THE POWERFUL VULTURES, THE ANGEL RIDES UPWARD INTO THE TOWER...



YOU'LL GET A FIGHT... YOU BLOOD-THIRSTY BUZZARDS!

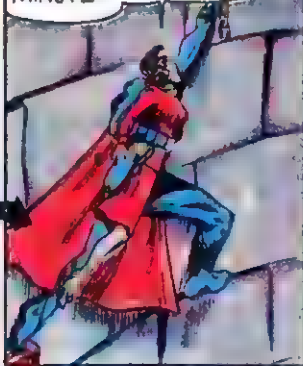


SLOWLY, THE ANGEL PUSHES THE BUZZARDS UP INTO THE TOWER.

THE BUZZARDS WERE DRIVEN BACK INTO THEIR CAGES, THE ANGEL DIVES FOR A ROPE BELOW HIM AND SWINGS TO THE GROUND.



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! YOU'LL BE SAFE IN A MINUTE!



LEAPING FROM ONE LEDGE TO ANOTHER, THE ANGEL QUICKLY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE GROUND WITH SHIRLEY SMITH



THERE'S JUST ONE MORE THING TO TAKE CARE OF, I WON'T BE GONE LONG!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!



ENDED HER LIFE WITH THE HORROR SHE USED TO DESTROY OTHERS!



YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF THE HORRORS OF 'PIEDMONT' OR 'THE ENCHANTED MARSH', ANY MORE! THEY'RE ENDED FOREVER!



PLEASE DON'T TELL ME HOW I SAW WHAT HAPPENED!



A GOOD IMPRESSION

Sam Hale overlooked one thing — but that one mistake was enough



by Jack D'Arcy

IT was a perfect night for the crime. Rain poured from the heavens, an angry gale roared through the cavernous streets of the city, driving before it veritable walls of water. Few people were abroad, and those few who did venture forth had no time nor desire for idle curiosity.

Sam Hale's thin, pallid features twisted into the faint simulation of a smile as the pelting rain washed the windshield of his taxi. Had he been permitted to select a night on which to rob old man Liggett, he couldn't have chosen a better one.

Liggett would return soon, would return to relieve the lone clerk who worked for him. The clerk would then be free for the night — would not come back.

By the light of the dash lamp, Hale glanced at his watch. It was already twenty after eight. Liggett was now five minutes late. Could something have gone wrong?

Impatiently, he peered through the half-moon section of his windshield cleared by the wiper. Then suddenly Hale tensed. A stooped, heavily-coated figure appeared in the dim glow of yellow from the small store. Liggett had returned. Hale's small brown eyes narrowed as he watched the hardware merchant enter his dismal shop.

The time had come.

For a long minute Sam Hale waited. Through the blurred window he could see the dim outlines of both Liggett and his clerk inside the store. The minutes seemed to move on leaden feet. Nervously Hale lit a cigaret, inhaled twice — deeply. The smoke fogged the windshield.

Then, suddenly, the clerk was at the door, had opened it; and now, head bent against the howling wind, he was moving away into the darkness of the narrow street.

Hale's hand trembled slightly as he removed the nickel-plated .32 from the side pocket of his coat, twirled the cylinder. Then, gripping the gun to steady his nerves, he returned gun and hand to his pocket, opened the door of his cab, and, ten seconds later, he stepped into the murky gloom of Amos Liggett's Hardware Store.

HALE closed the door in the teeth of the rain-soaked wind, peered through the insufficient illumination for signs of the aged proprietor. A movement at the rear of the store attracted him. Liggett, back by the key-cutting machine, was starting forward, coming up to the front.

Hale walked hastily back. He wanted this to happen as far to the rear of the store as possible, to obviate any possibility of being seen from the outside. Now, with his gloved left hand, he drew out an apartment key, spoke quickly.

"Can you make me up a pair of these right away?"

The old man stopped his shambling gait, peered over the tops of a pair of thick framed eyeglasses. He shrugged, held out a gnarled palm.

"Why not?"

Sam Hale's hand shook slightly as he handed over the key. The old man took it, held it under a fly-specked bulb for closer examination, then turned to the blank key rack immediately behind him.

Then Hale acted.

"All right, pop! Just keep your back turned!"

Amos Liggett stiffened; his frail, bent body became defiantly erect. He turned, slowly; and as he caught a glimpse of the gun in Hale's hand, his mouth dropped open.

"I—I—There's nothin'! I have no—"

Hale's thin lips twisted into a tight sneer.

"Cut the comedy, you chiselin' miser! I know about that dough you got salted away here! Bring it up—fast!"

Tears began to ooze from Liggett's watery blue eyes. His gaze travelled slowly over Hale. He saw before him the thin, dark-faced cab driver; saw in Hale's eyes his almost certain doom. Knowing he would pay with his life, regardless, the merchant clutched the first weapon within reach—a heavy key block—and rushed forward.

The movement had been so quickly executed that Hale was caught off guard. The old man slammed against him, driving him back, shrieking at the top of his aged lungs for the help he must have known would never come. Then Hale fired.

In the confines of the small hardware store, the sound of the shot blasted like the roar of dynamite. But outside the gale, howling through the street, deadened the noise of Hale's gun so that, a half block away, it sounded no louder than the muffled backfire of some auto.

Ten minutes later, with Liggett's miserable savings in his pocket, Hale stepped out into the street, crossed the rain-swept sidewalk, and slid behind the wheel of his cab. The welcome purring of the car's motor was a reassuring song to

Hale's ears. So reassuring that he was even whistling as he pulled away from the curb and headed for the busy section of the city.

IT was after ten o'clock when Sam Hale, parked at his usual stand downtown, was jolted from his reverie by the sharp sound of the man's voice.

"Headquarters, buddy!"

Hale turned, and for one long moment his heart stopped. The two men climbing into his cab were obviously detectives.

"Police headquarters?"

"You guessed it. And hurry!"

Hale gripped the gear shift to still his trembling hand, pulled out from the curb. He was just beginning to breathe easy again, just about to shift from low to second, when he was aware of someone seated at the little window that separated him from the passenger compartment. He moved his head slightly—then stiffened. There was a police positive in the detective's hand. It was pointing directly at Hale.

"And no tricks, fellow! You're under arrest—for murder!"

For one suspense-filled moment there was a dead silence. Then Hale suddenly threw the cab into second speed, slammed his foot down on the gas, and, before the detective could act, he had slewed the rear wheels around on the macadam street.

Events for the next half minute were merged into a screaming, crashing chaos. The cab jolted against the high curbing, tilted over. Glass crashed by Hale's ear, the cab came to a grating halt, then blackness descended over him.

When Sam Hale came to he was in a hospital bed. Beside the bed there were two detectives and a stenographer.

"Well, Hale," the detective said, "We've got you dead to rights. Keeping that murder gun was a bad mistake! You might as well confess!"

Hale's heart sank. That murder gun—he hadn't been able to get rid of it! But—

"What makes you think I did it?" he asked feebly.

The detective leaned forward, held out a small block of wood.

"This," he said, "is a key block. Inside the block is a bed of wax. In the fight with Liggett he pressed this wax bed—either accidentally or on purpose—against your cab badge. As you know, your badge has raised numbers. Well, the wax took an impression of those numbers. See?"

Hale looked at the block—at the indented and reversed number of his cab license—and sighed.

"After that," the detective concluded, "it was easy!"

END

Terry Vance

THE
SCHOOL
BOY
SLEUTH

WE'D BETTER
FIND SOME PLACE
TO GET IN OUT OF
THIS RAIN SOON,
TERRY.

PHEW!
YOU AREN'T
KIDDING! THIS
IS NO HEAVY
DEW!

TERRY VANCE, THE
YOUNG DETECTIVE,
AND HIS PET MONKEY,
DR. WATSON, HAVE BEEN
CAUGHT IN A HEAVY
DOWNPOUR WHILE
RETURNING FROM A
SIMPLE NEWS ASSIGN-
MENT WITH THEIR NEWS-
PAPERMAN FRIEND,
DEADLINE DAWSON.

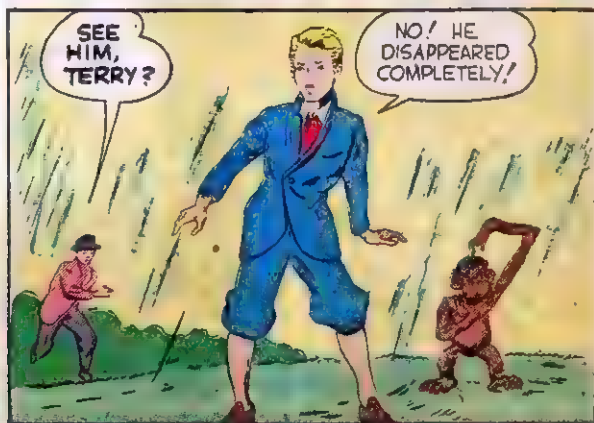
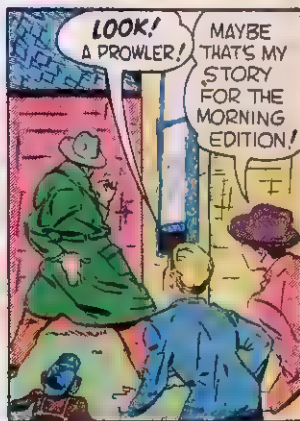
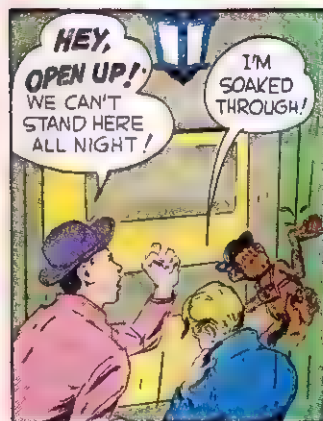
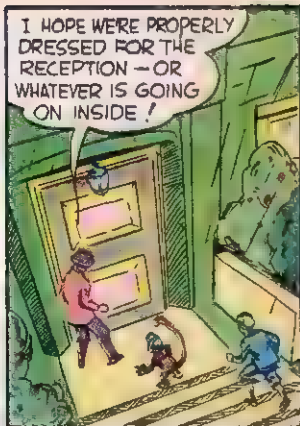
**HEY! LOOK--
A HOUSE!**

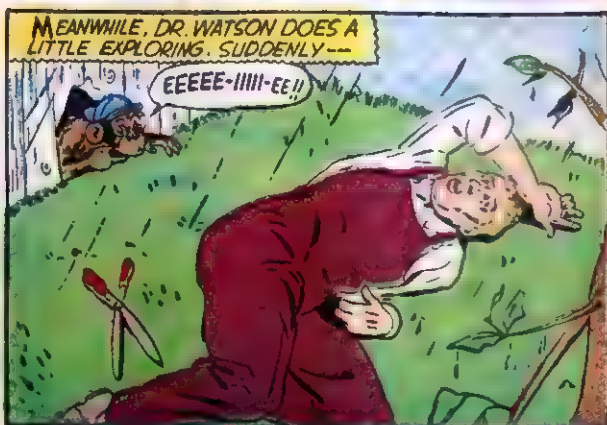
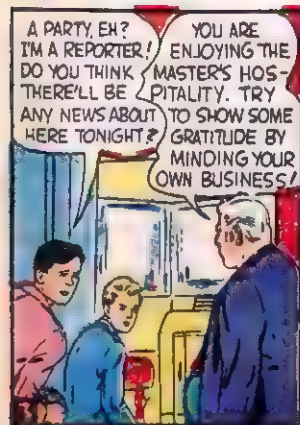
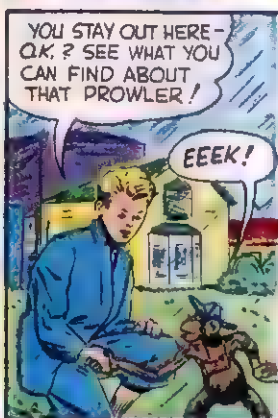
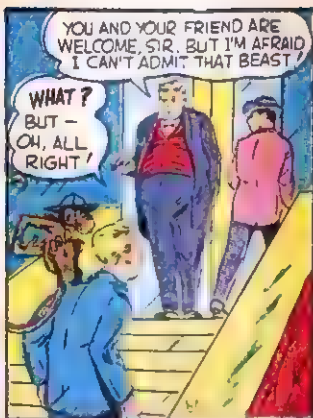
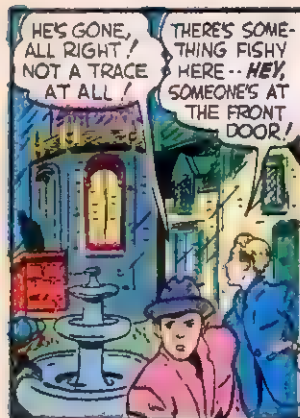
IT'S BIG--
BIG ENOUGH
TO KEEP
US DRY.

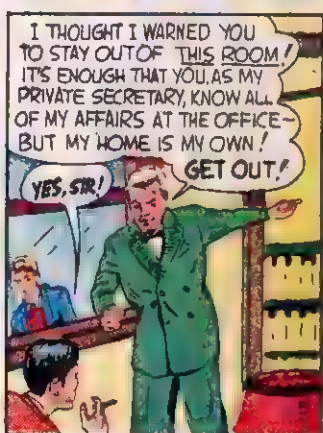
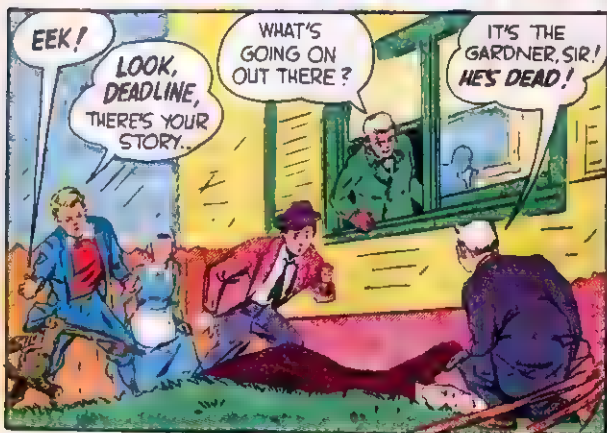
I'LL SAY IT'S
BIG-- AND
MYSTERIOUS,
TOO!

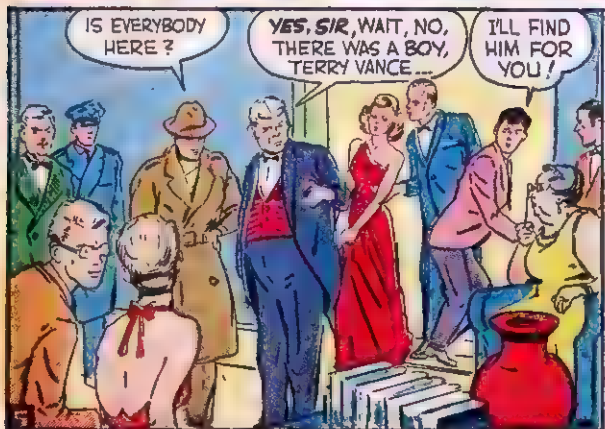
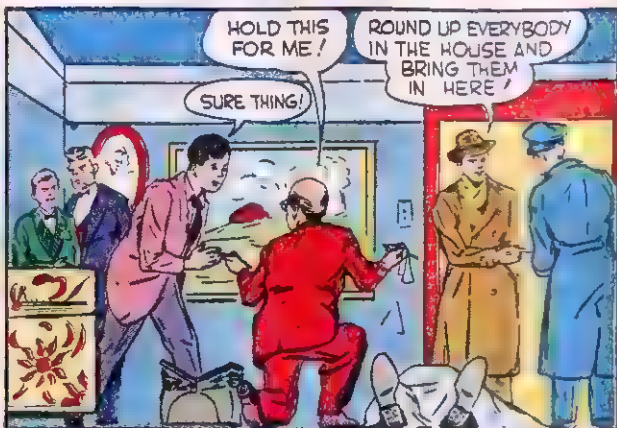
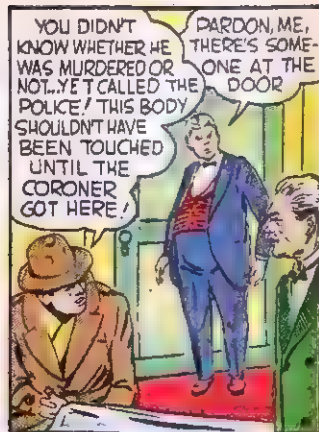
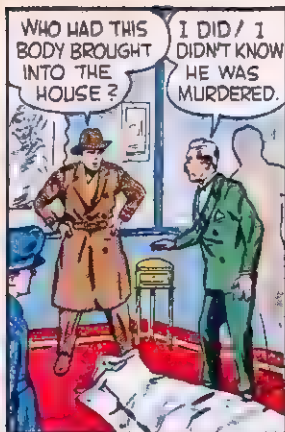
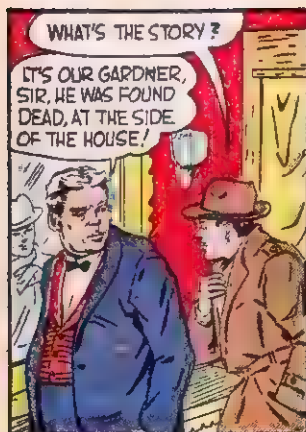
REMINDS
ME OF A
HORROR MOVIE
I ONCE SAW--
A DESERTED OLD
HOUSE, A CRAZY
SCIENTIST...

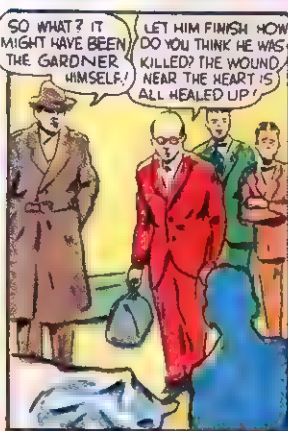
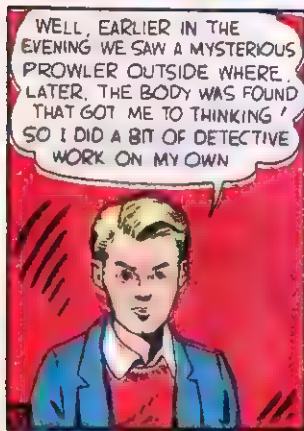
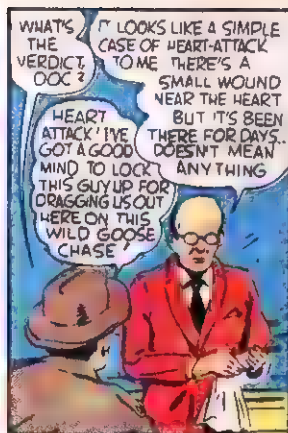
AND THE
CLOSER I GET
TO IT THE
MORE IT LOOKS
JUST LIKE THE
OLD HOUSE IN
THE PICTURE!
BRRRR!

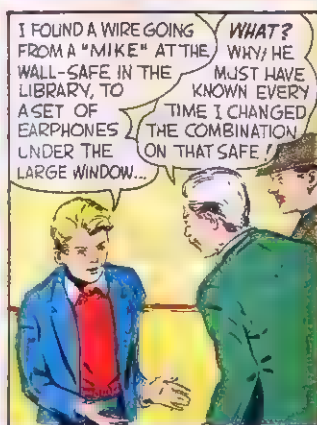
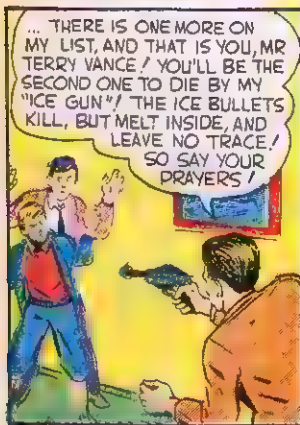
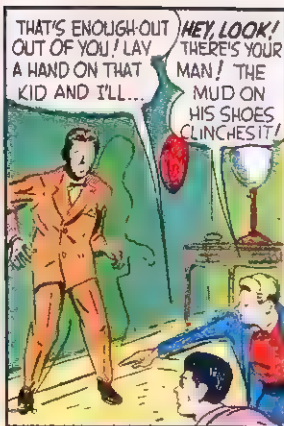






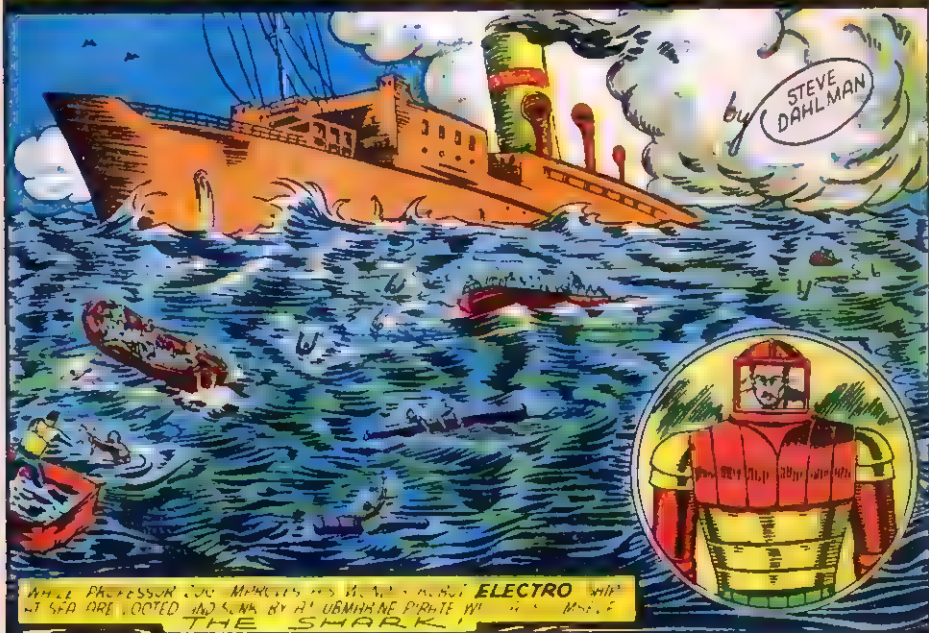






ELECTRO

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE



NO FLAG
IS SPARED!
THE
SHARK
DEMANDS
TRIBUTE
FROM
THE
UNITED
STATES!

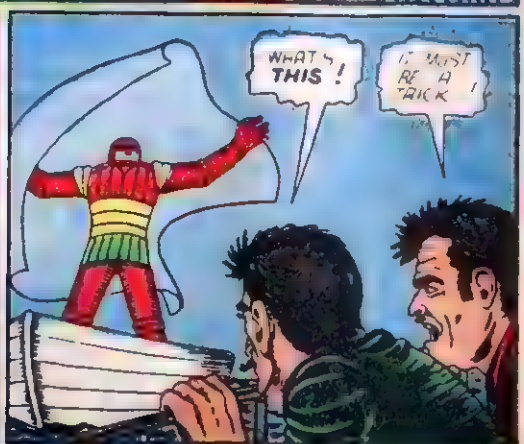
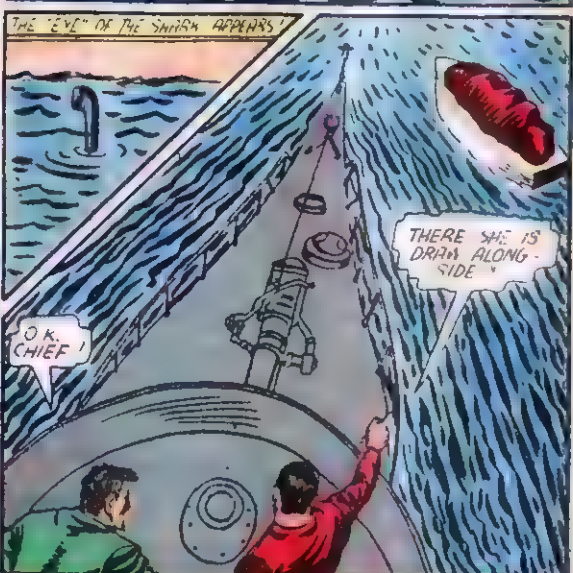
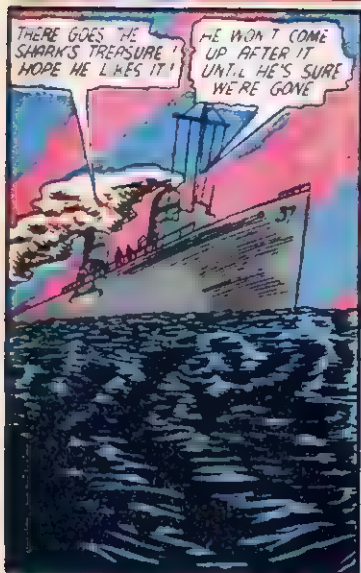
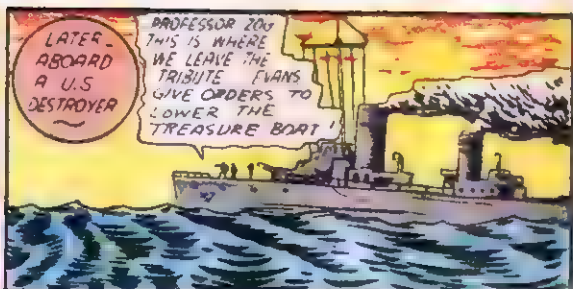
THE PRESIDENT LISTENS GRAVELY TO A RADIOIST FROM
"THE SHARK"!

IF TRIBUTE IS NOT PAID,
MY DEEP SEA RAIDERS
WILL BLAST EVERY SHIP
OFF THE OCEAN!
THIS IS "THE SHARK"
SPEAKING!

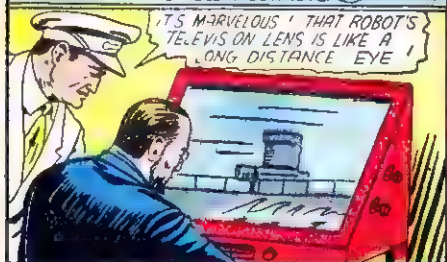


MR. PRESIDENT
HE MEANS WHAT
HE SAYS!
-BUT I HAVE
A PLAN. WE
MUST ENLIST THE
HELP OF PROFESSOR
ZOG

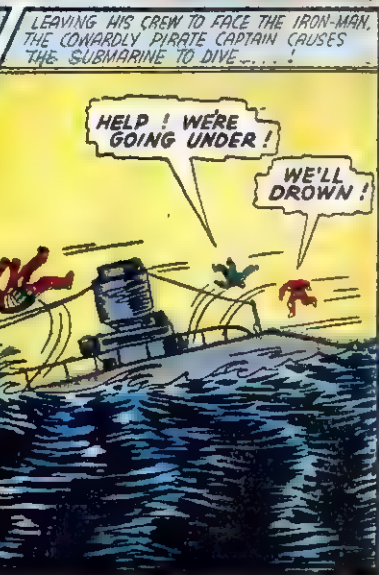
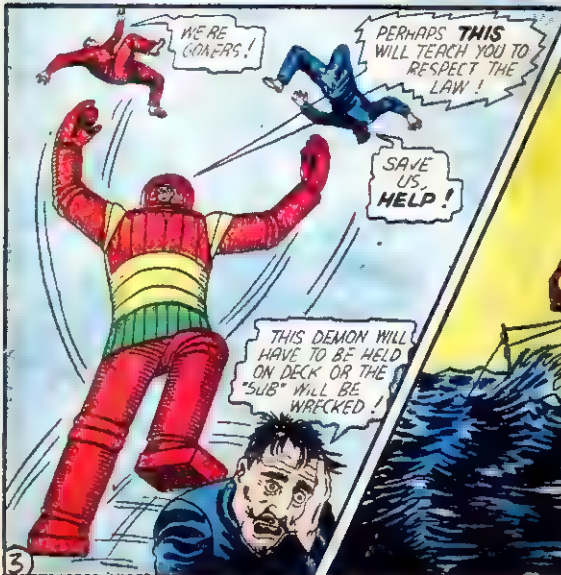
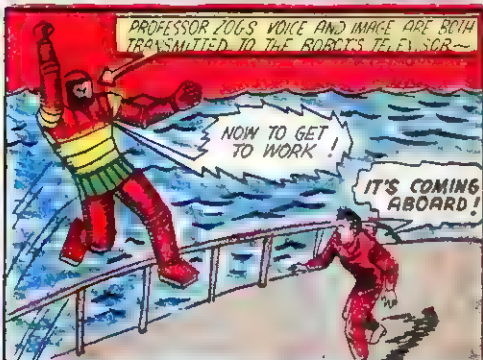
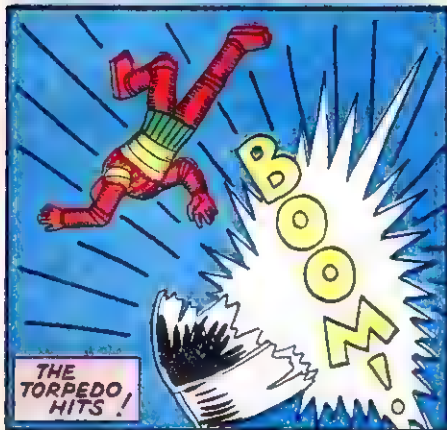
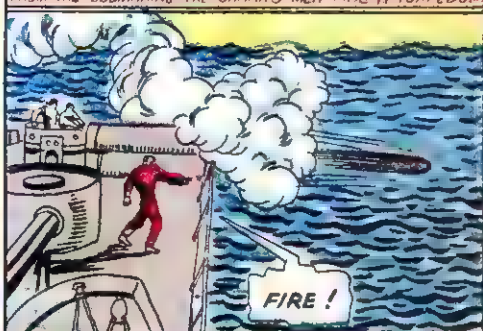




MEANWHILE ON THE ABSENT DESTROYER



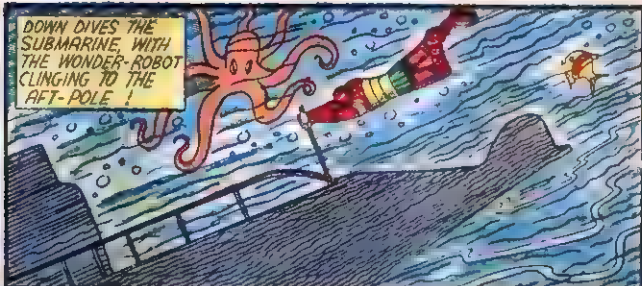
FROM THE SUBMARINE THE SHARK'S MEN FIRE A TORPEDO~



I'LL HAVE **ELECTRO** FOLLOW THAT SUBMARINE!



DOWN DIVES THE SUBMARINE, WITH THE WONDER-ROBOT CLINGING TO THE AFT-POLE!



DOWN AND DOWN DEEPER AND DEEPER THROUGH DARKNESS AND TERRIBLE PRESSURE!

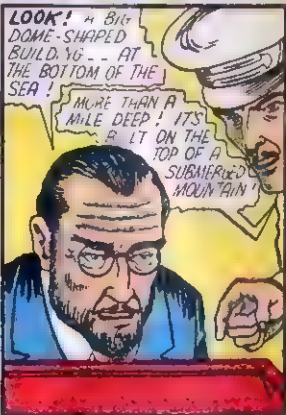
NO SUBMARINE EVER WENT **THAT** DEEP BEFORE!

THEY'VE DEVELOPED A NEW DEEP-SEA CRAFT - BUT **ELECTRO** IS PRESSURE-RESISTANT.

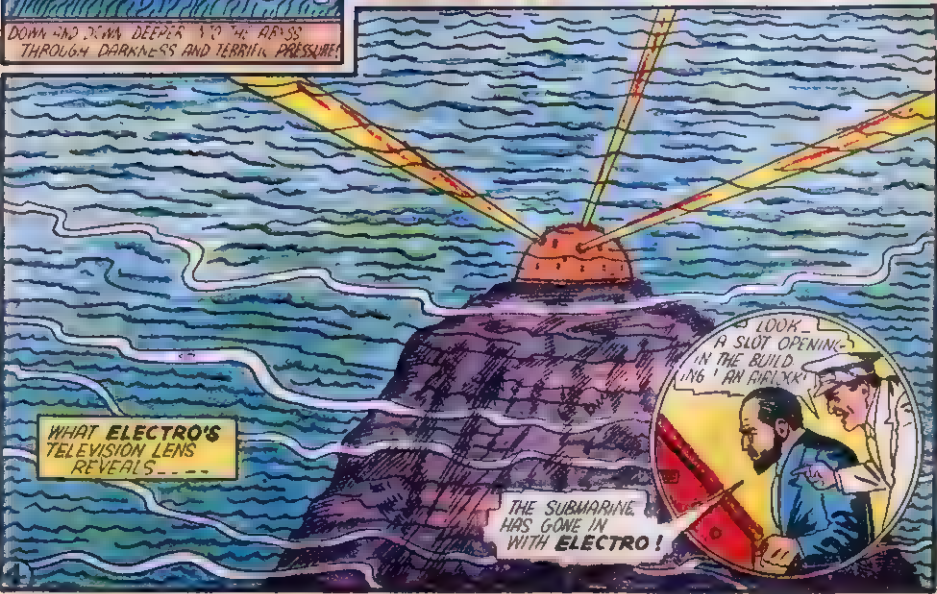


LOOK! A BIG DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

MORE THAN A MILE DEEP! IT'S BUILT ON THE TOP OF A SUBMERGED MOUNTAIN!

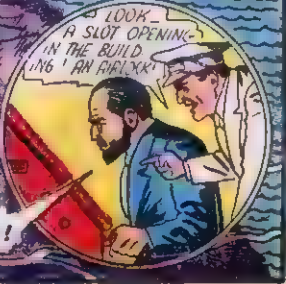


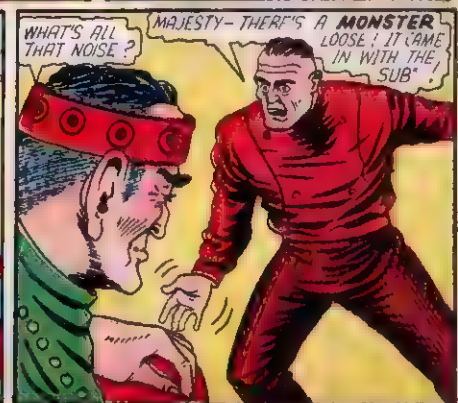
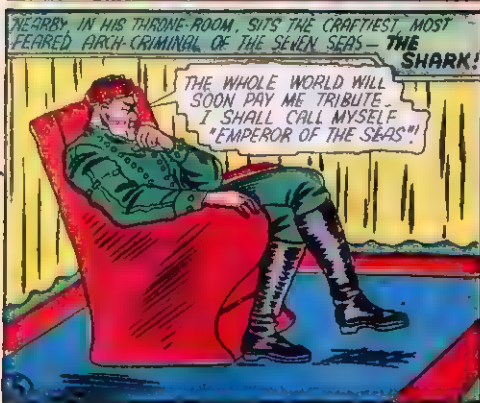
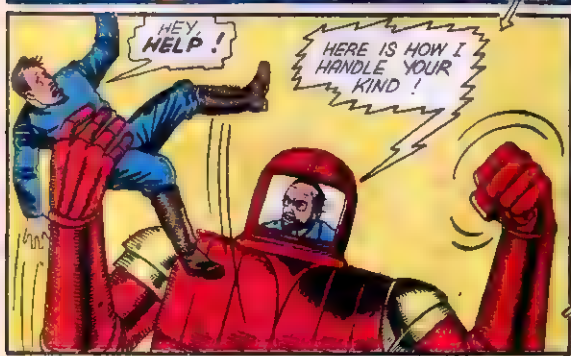
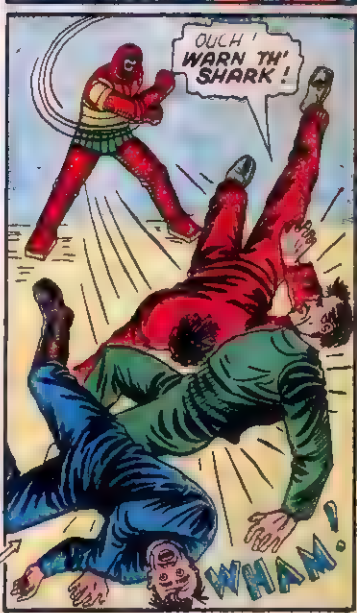
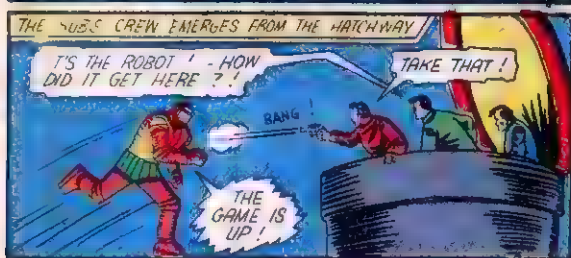
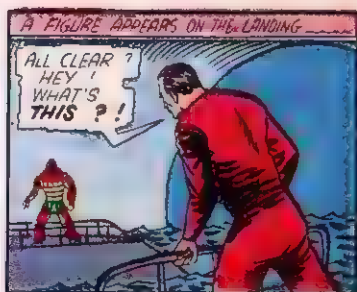
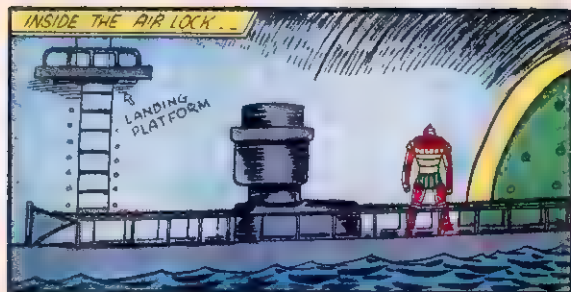
WHAT **ELECTRO'S** TELEVISION LENS REVEALS----

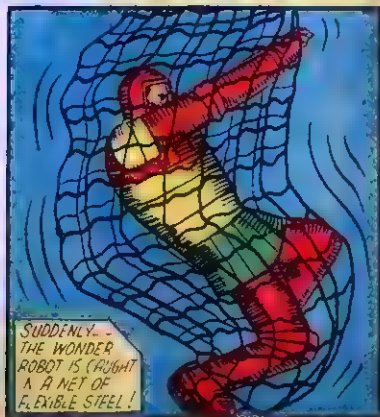
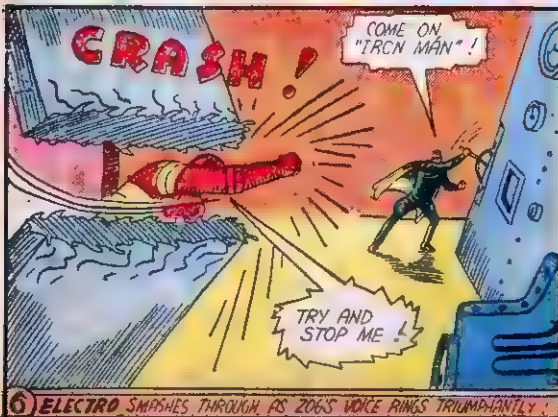
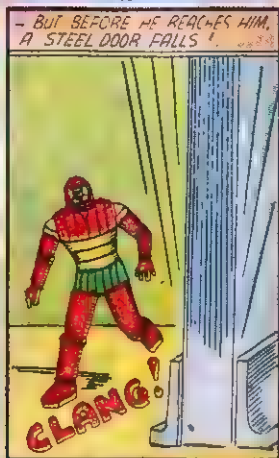
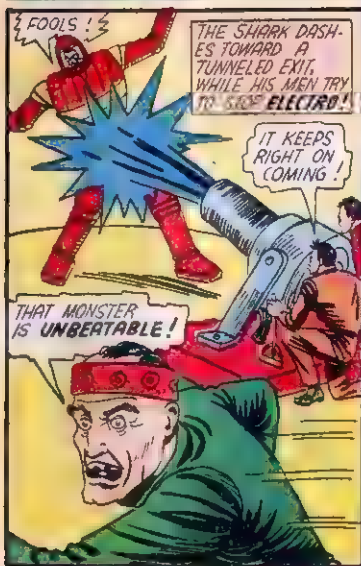
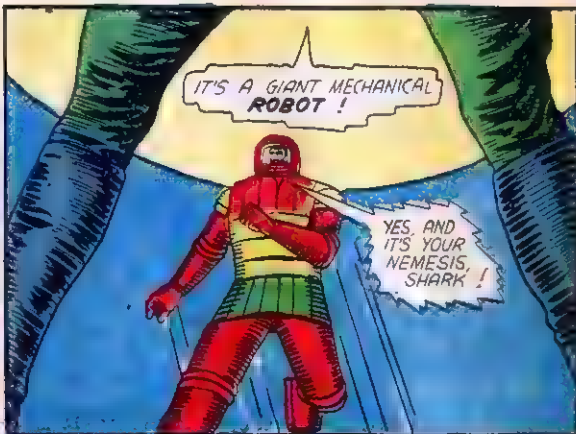


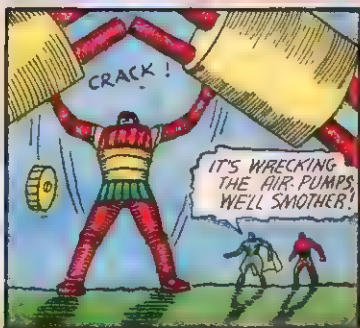
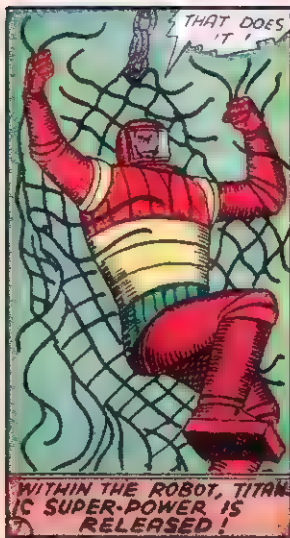
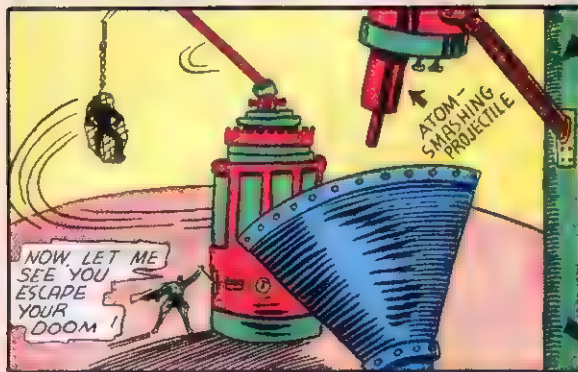
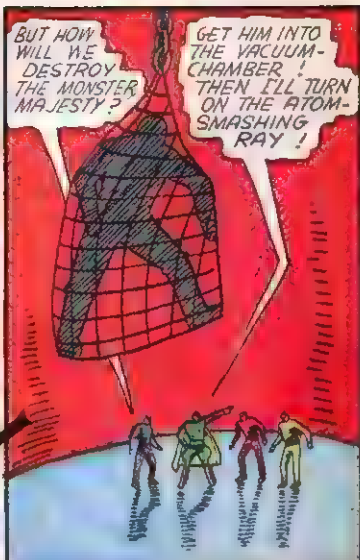
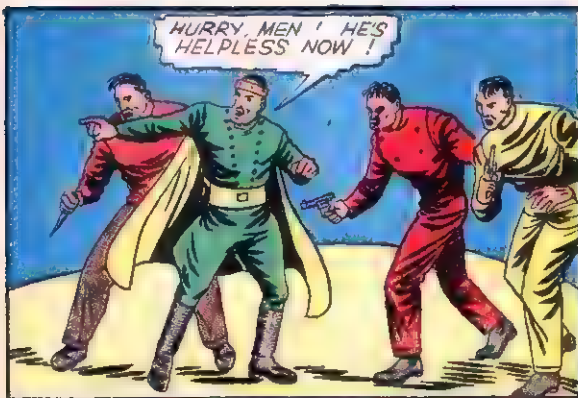
LOOK - A SLOT OPENING IN THE BUILDING - AN AIRLOCK!

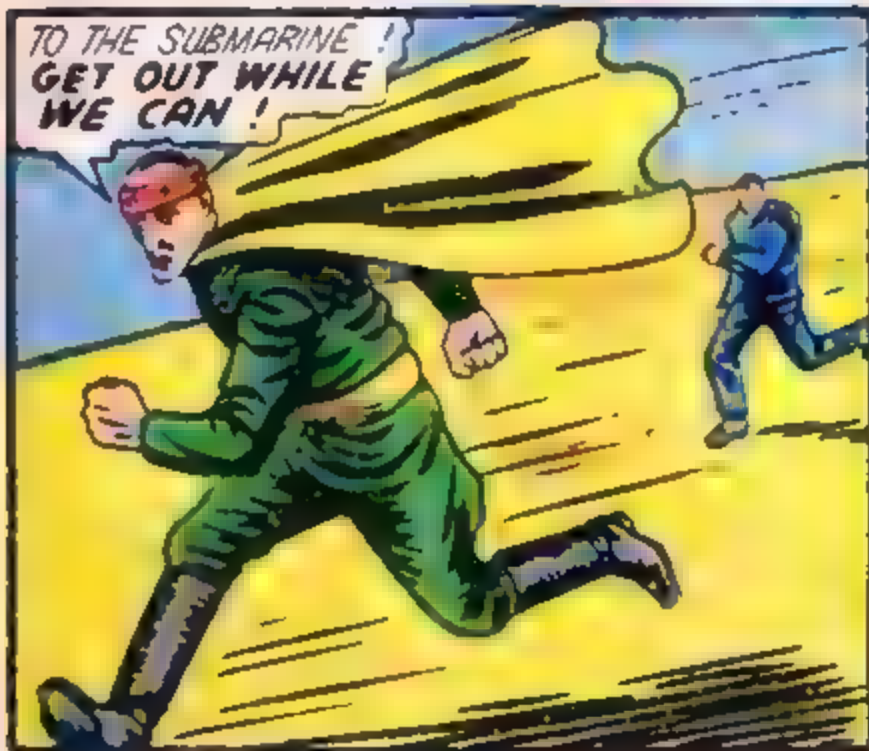
THE SUBMARINE HAS GONE IN WITH **ELECTRO**!











TO THE SUBMARINE!
GET OUT WHILE
WE CAN!

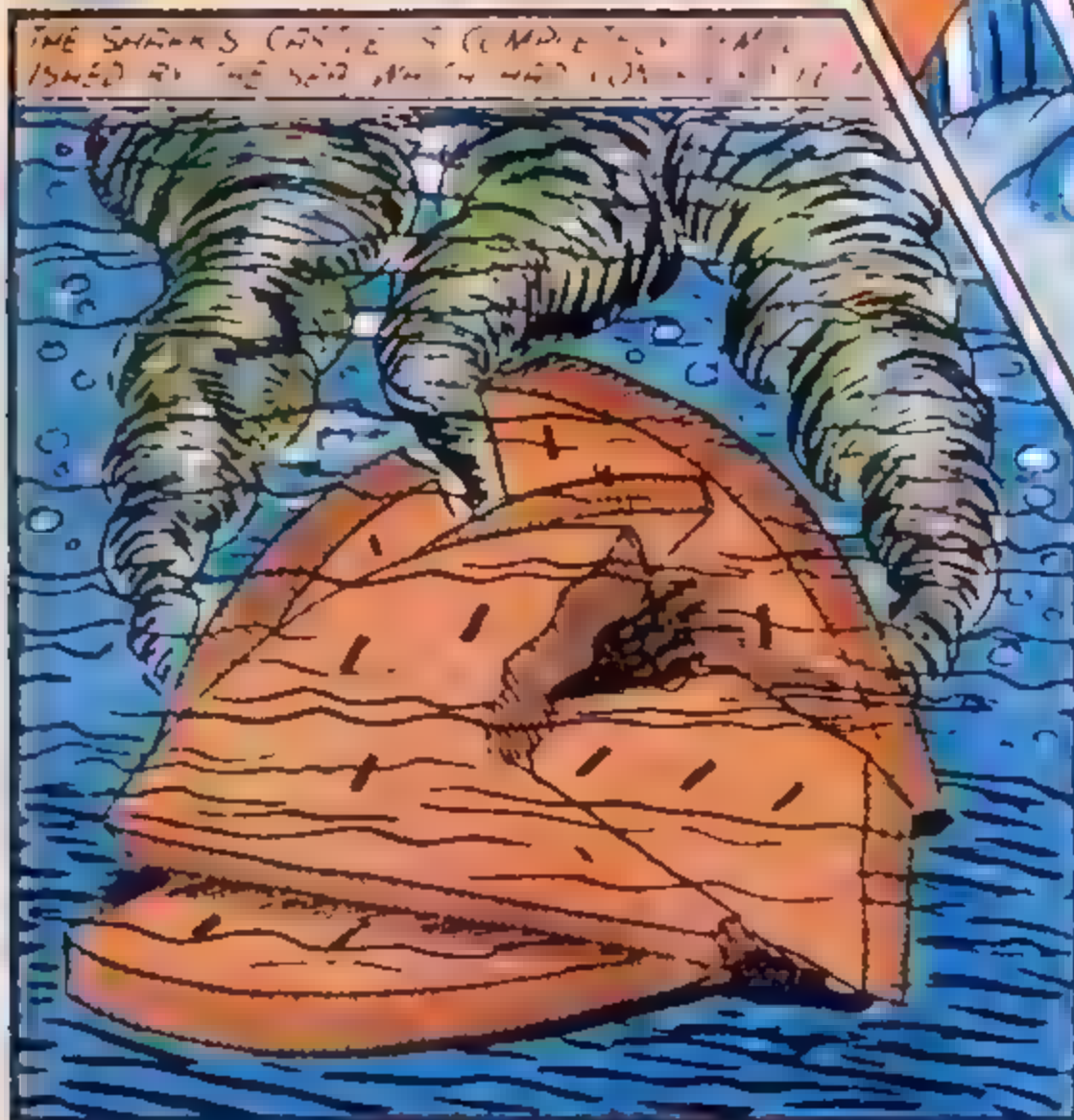


WITH A TRE-
MENDOUS ROAR
AND A CRASH
LIKE THUNDER,
THE WALLS
COLLAPSE
AND THE
SEA
ENTERS!

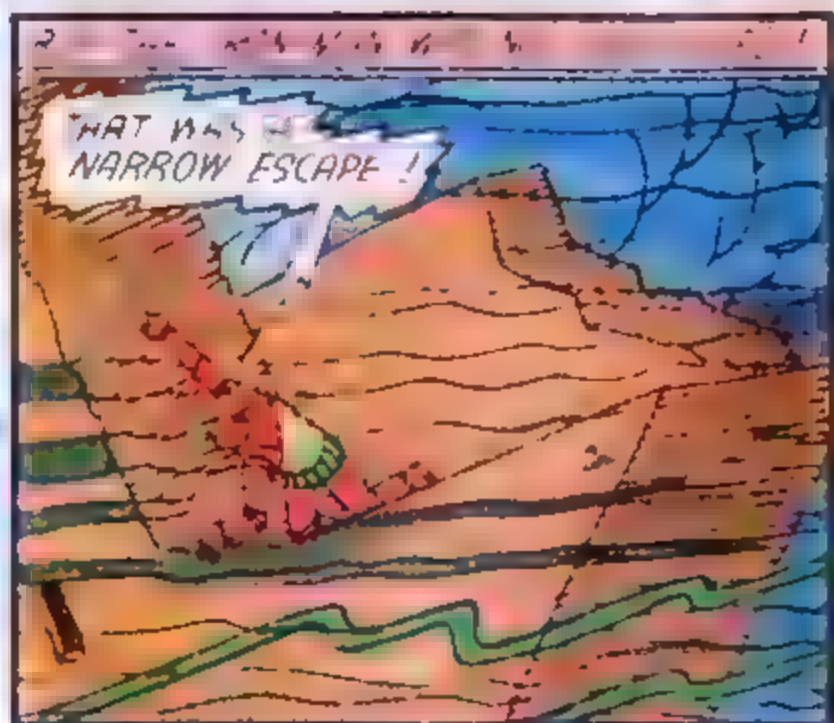
HE- HE WRECKED
THE AIRLOCK !!

MERCY!
HELP!

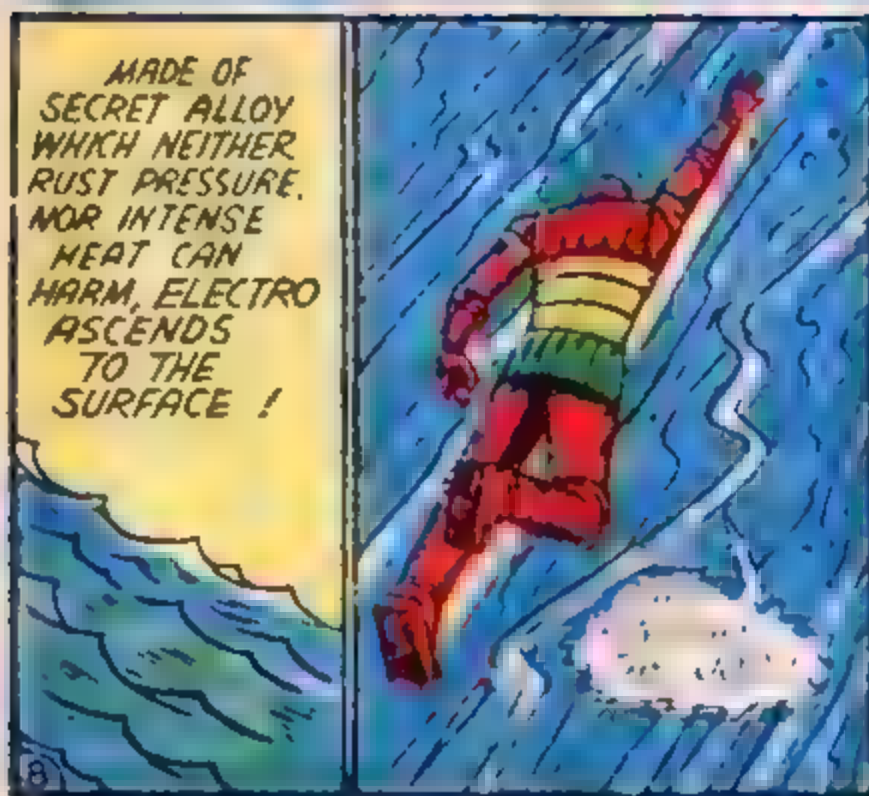
WE'LL DROWN!



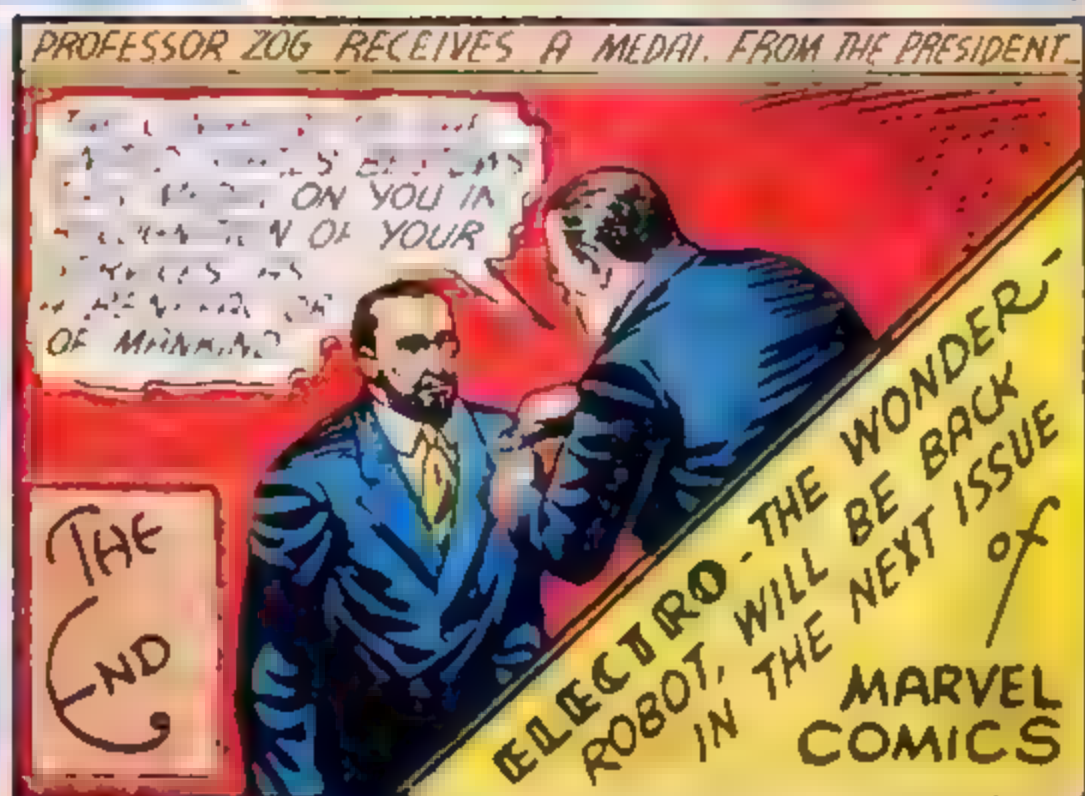
THE SHARK'S CASTLE IS COMPLETELY
SUNK BY THE SEA AND THE SHARKS



THAT WAS
A NARROW ESCAPE!



MADE OF
SECRET ALLOY
WHICH NEITHER
RUST PRESSURE,
NOR INTENSE
HEAT CAN
HARM, ELECTRO
ASCENDS
TO THE
SURFACE!

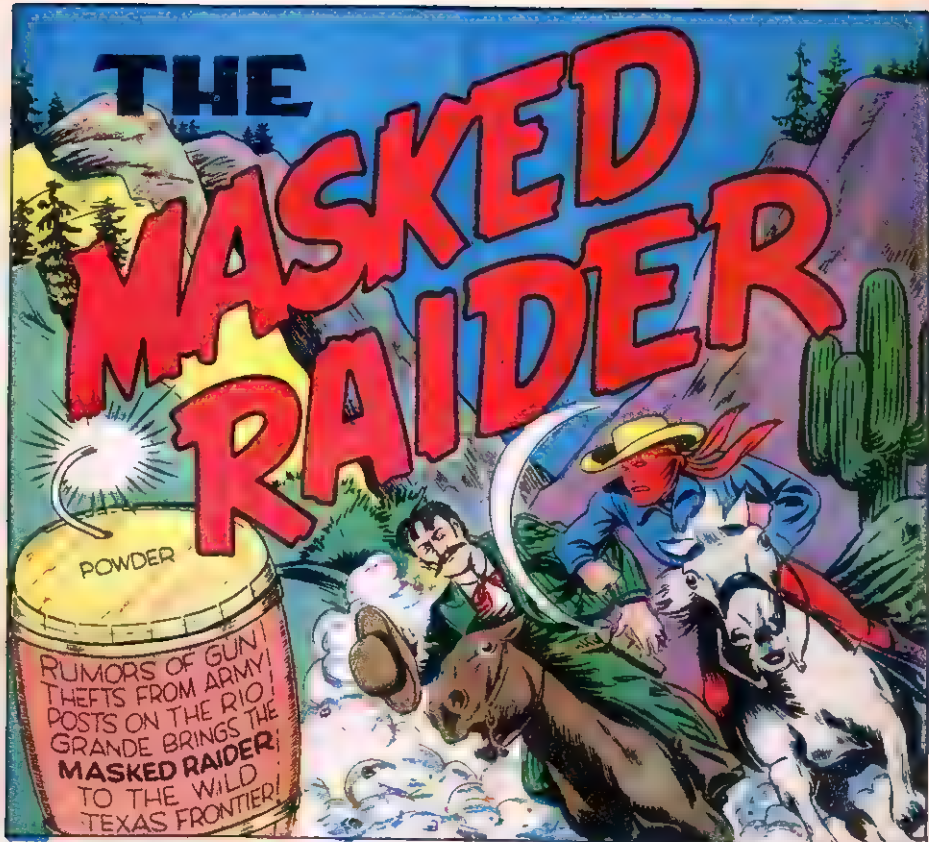


PROFESSOR ZOG RECEIVES A MEDAL FROM THE PRESIDENT.

THE PRESIDENT
WANTS TO
THANK YOU IN
RECOGNITION OF YOUR
SERVICES AS
A MEMBER OF
THE
OF MANKIND

THE
END

ELECTRO - THE WONDER-
ROBOT, WILL BE BACK
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
MARVEL
COMICS



PLAYING A LONE HAND IN HIS CRUSADE TO END LAWLESSNESS AND PLOTS AGAINST THE UNION, THE MASKED RAIDER LOCATES THE HIDE-OUT OF TWO OUTLAWS AND OVERHEARS THEIR PLANS.....

WHEN THIS FELLER GIDDEN ARRIVES WE'LL RAID TH' FORT!

PRETTY SOON WE GET ENOUGH GUNS TO MAKE TEXAS ZE SEPARATE STATE, NO?



SACRE! WHAT IS ZAT NOISE?

SO.....THAT'S THEIR PLAN!

OH...OH...



THE MASKED RAIDER ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKS OVER A BENCH OUTSIDE THE CABIN!

SOMEONE IS OUT THERE.....SHOOT HIM!

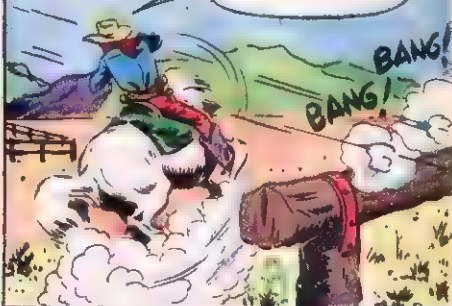
MY ANGELITA, SHE NEVAIR MISS... I GET HEEM!



BUT, WITH BULLETS WHIZZING ABOUT HIS EARS, THE MASKED RAIDER ESCAPES!

2

LET'S GO, LIGHTNING!



I DO NOT HIT HEEM!

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!



GIDDEN KNOWS WHERE THE SECRET MEETING PLACE IS... WE'LL GO AND WAIT THERE FOR HIM. WONDER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE?

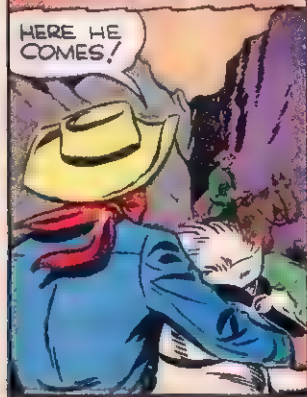


THEY'RE EXPECTING A STRANGER. PROBABLY ONE OF THE PLOTTERS WHO ARE PLANNING TO OVERTHROW TEXAS. HE'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG THE ROCKY CREEK TRAIL, SO I'LL WAIT THERE!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER....

HERE HE COMES!



GIDDEN! STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

WHO IS IT?

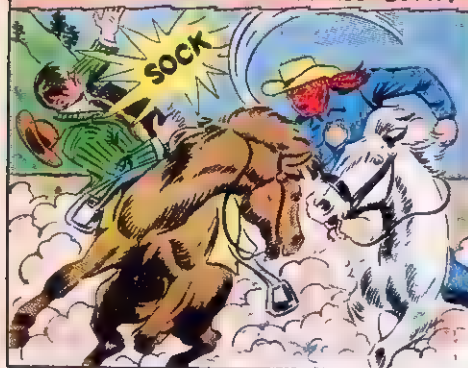


SEEING THE MASKED RAIDER GIDDEN DASHES AWAY!

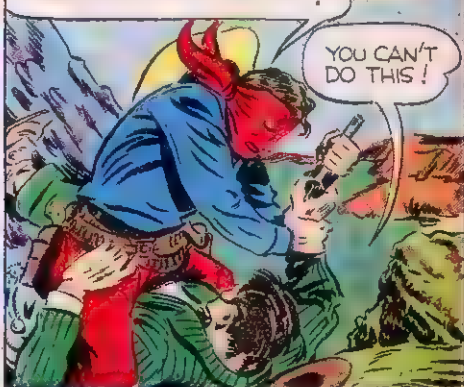
IT'S THAT MASKED RAIDER.... I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!



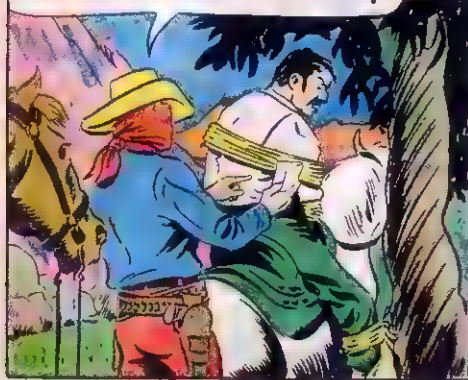
RIDING FURIOUSLY, THE MASKED RAIDER OVERTAKES GIDDEN AND KNOCKS THE MAN OUT OF HIS SADDLE WITH A SINGLE BLOW!



SORRY, MY FRIEND, BUT I'VE GOT AN ERRAND FOR YOU TO RUN!

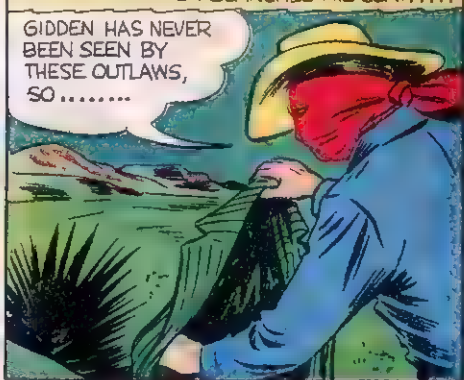


YOU'RE GOING TO CARRY THIS MESSAGE TO THE FORT! **GO LIGHTNING!**

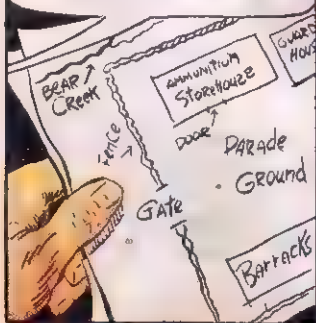


AS LIGHTNING DASHES AWAY WITH GIDDEN, THE MASKED RAIDER SEARCHES HIS COAT.....

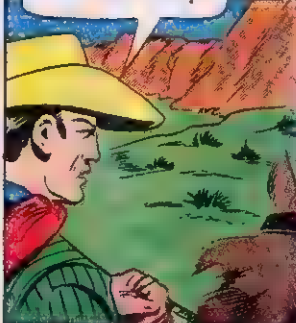
GIDDEN HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BY THESE OUTLAWS, SO.....



A NOTE, TELLING WHERE TO MEET THE OUTLAWS, AND A MAP OF THE ARMY POST!



WITH GIDDEN'S COAT, AND HIS PAPER S, I CAN FOOL THE OUTLAWS!

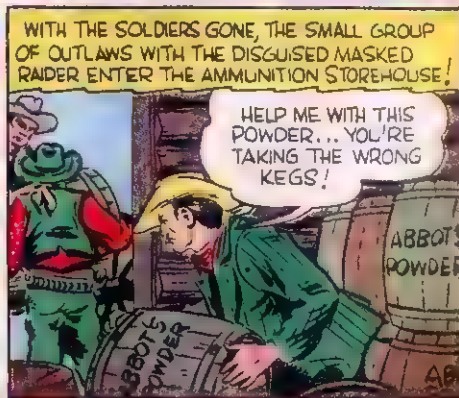
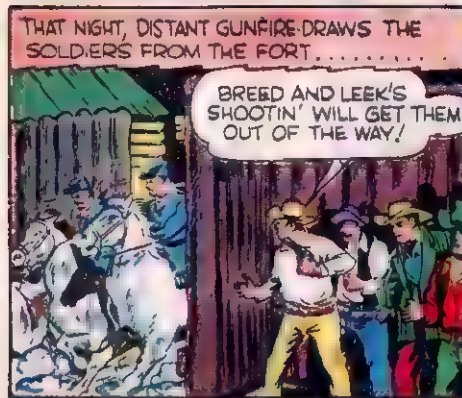
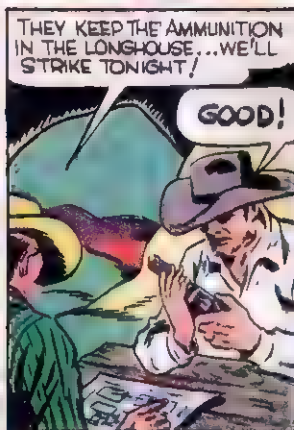


LATER, HE FINDS THE OUTLAWS.

SO, YOU DON'T THINK I'M GIDDEN?

THAT TAKES PROOF!





IN THE BARRACKS, TWO ARMY OFFICERS
WATCH THE OUTLAWS STEAL THE POWDER!

YOU'RE SURE, CAPTAIN,
THAT THIS IS A
WISE MOVE?

YES..... I'LL
BACK THE MASKED
RAIDER'S JUDGMENT
ANY DAY!



THEIR WAGON LOADED WITH BARRELS
OF POWDER, THE OUTLAW BAND RIDES AWAY!

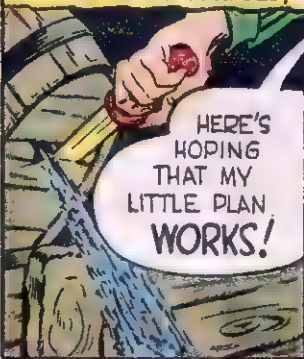
BACK TO THE
HIDEOUT!

YES--THE SOLDIERS
WILL BE COMING
SOON!



ON THE WAY, THE MASKED
RAIDER PLUNGES A KNIFE
INTO ONE OF THE BARRELS!

HERE'S
HOPING
THAT MY
LITTLE PLAN
WORKS!



BACK AT THE CAVE.....

HEY! THIS
BARREL IS
EMPTY!



SPRUNG A LEAK, EH?
WELL, THERE'S PLENTY
LEFT! LOAD YOUR SHELLS
WITH THIS POWDER.....
IT'S THE **BEST** THERE
IS!



AS THE DESPERADOES LOAD THEIR CARTRIDGES
WITH ABBOT'S POWDER, A RIDER COMES UP.....

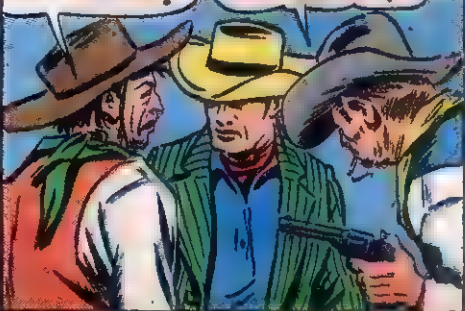
HEY, THERE.... DID MY
FRIEND GIDDEN
ARRIVE?

SURE, "SNAKEY"
HE'S HERE
NOW!



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN? **THIS
AIN'T GIDDEN!**

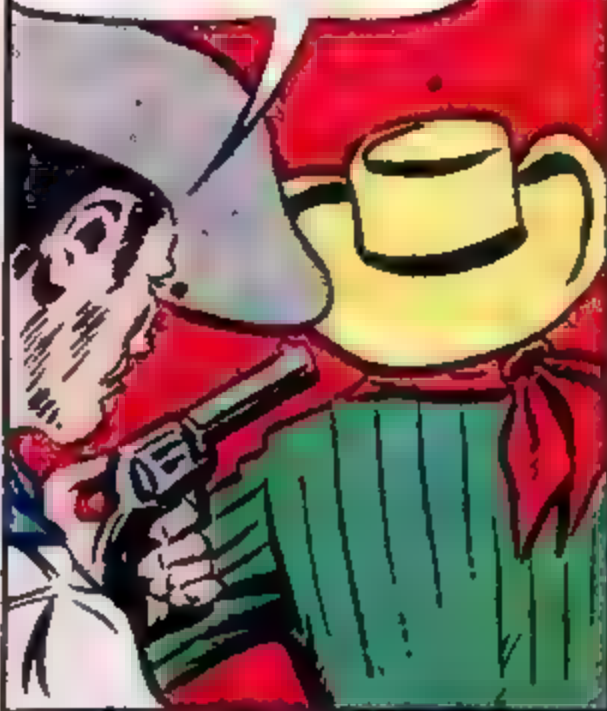
I SUSPICIONED YOU
FROM THE START! DON'T
DRAW YER GUN!



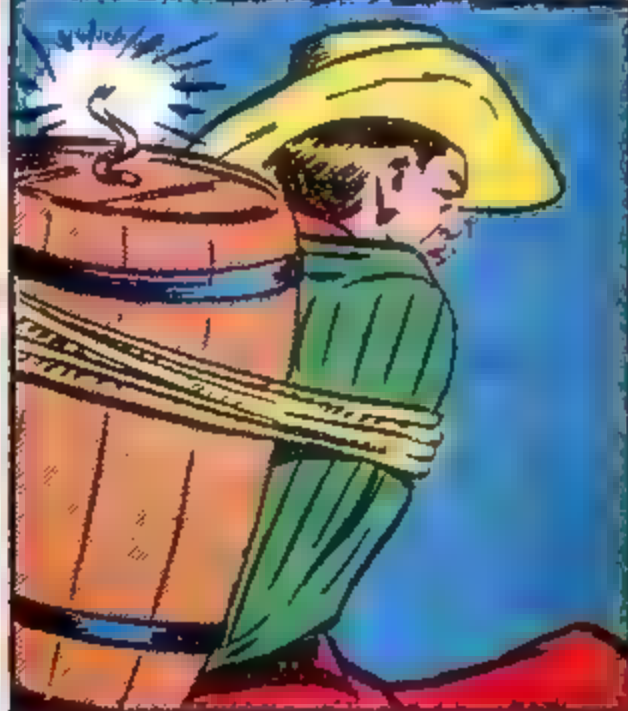
GET A BARREL OF THAT FINE
ABBOT'S POWDER!



WE'LL TIE THIS GUY TO IT,
AN' LIGHT THE FUSE! HE
LIKES IT SO **WELL!**



THE OUTLAWS TIE THE
MASKED RAIDER, AND LIGHT
THE FUSE! 6



AT THAT MOMENT, SOLDIERS
RIDE UP TO THE CAVE!

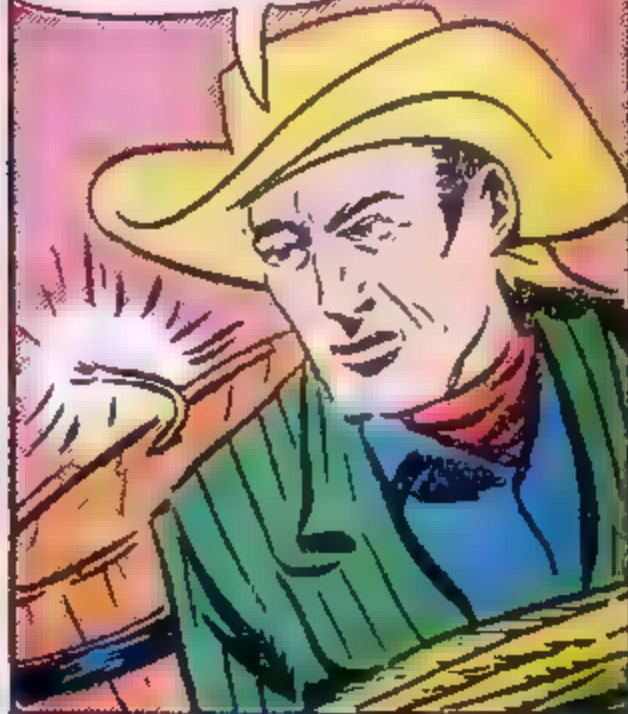
THROW UP YOUR
HANDS IN THERE!



IT'S SOLDIERS! SHOOT 'EM
DOWN..... WHAT TH' —
MY GUN WON'T **SHOOT!**

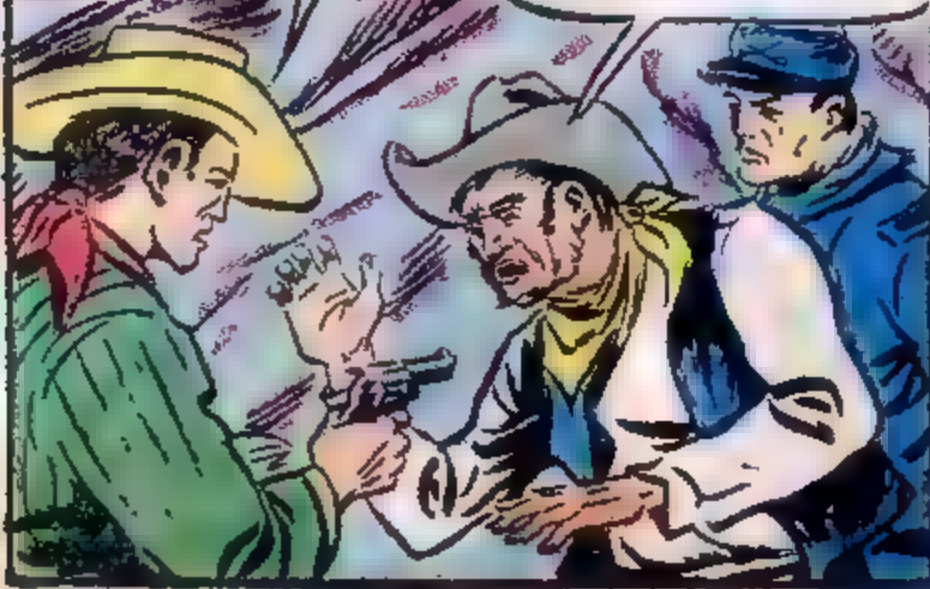


NO AND THIS BARREL
OF POWDER WON'T
BLOW UP!



YOU SEE ABBOT'S POWDER
IS **FERTILIZER!**

B-BUT HOW'D THEY
FIND TH' HIDE-OUT?



THAT EMPTY BARREL!
I OPENED IT, AND ALL
THE SOLDIERS HAD TO
DO WAS TO **FOLLOW**
THE TRAIL
ON THE
GROUND!

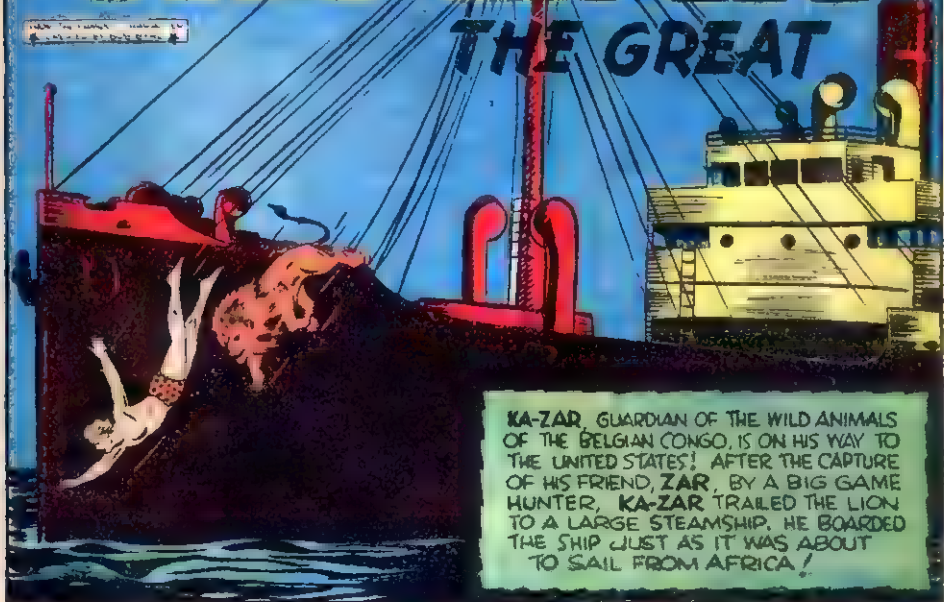


Read
ANOTHER
MASKED
RAIDER
ADVENTURE
NEXT
MONTH!

ADVENTURES OF

KA-ZAR

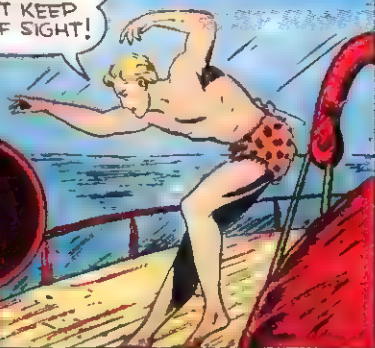
THE GREAT



KA-ZAR, GUARDIAN OF THE WILD ANIMALS OF THE BELGIAN CONGO, IS ON HIS WAY TO THE UNITED STATES! AFTER THE CAPTURE OF HIS FRIEND, ZAR, BY A BIG GAME HUNTER, KA-ZAR TRAILED THE LION TO A LARGE STEAMSHIP. HE BOARDED THE SHIP JUST AS IT WAS ABOUT TO SAIL FROM AFRICA!

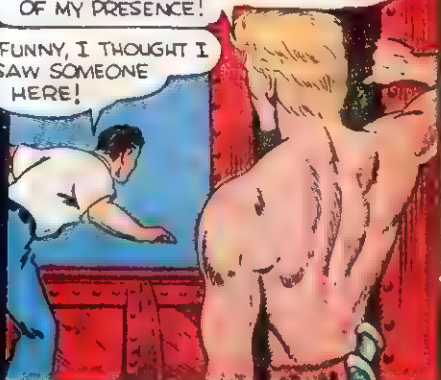
SEARCHING FOR ZAR ON AN UPPER DECK, KA-ZAR HEARS A MEMBER OF THE CREW COMING AND LEAPS FOR COVER!

I MUST KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!



I COULD FORCE HIM TO TELL WHERE ZAR IS . BUT, HE WOULD WARN OTHERS OF MY PRESENCE!

FUNNY, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE HERE!

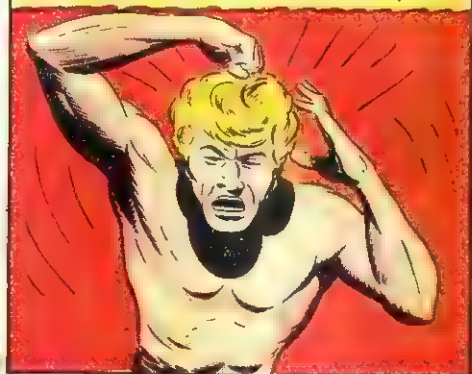


KA-ZAR REMAINED HIDDEN ON THE SHIP
UNTIL AFTER DARK. THEN

IT'S TIME THAT I
LET ZAR KNOW THAT
I AM NEAR!



STANDING ON THE OPEN DECK, KA-ZAR
ROARS THE CALL OF THE LION!



DOWN IN THE HOLD OF THE
VESSEL, ZAR HEARS.....
HE KNOWS THAT KA-ZAR
HAS COME FOR HIM!

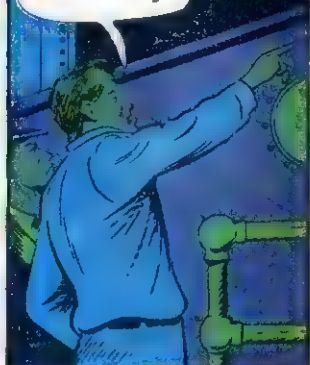


BUT, THE CREW ALSO HEARS
KA-ZAR'S ROAR!

THE LION! IT'S
LOOSE....!!

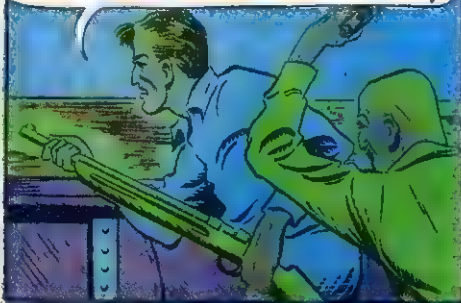


I HEARD IT
UP HERE!



THE SHIP'S OFFICERS AND MEN WILDLY
SEARCH FOR ZAR, THINKING HE IS FREE!

WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE
SHOOT TO KILL WHEN YOU FIND HIM!



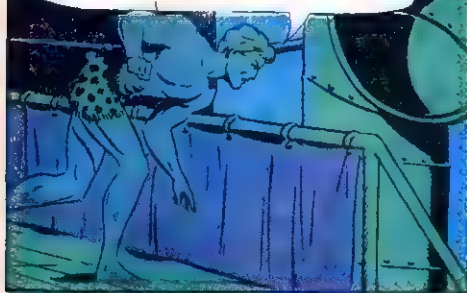
BUT, BRADLEY, THE BIG GAME HUNTER
WHO IS TAKING ZAR TO AMERICA,
CANNOT BELIEVE HE IS LOOSE!

THAT LION COULDN'T GET OUT
OF HIS CAGE!



MEANWHILE, KA-ZAR AGAIN BARELY ESCAPES DETECTION AS THE CREW SEARCHES FOR ZAR.

I MUST BE MORE CAREFUL I ONLY HOPE ZAR HEARD ME!



BRADLEY HAS GONE TO THE LION.....

HE'S STILL HERE!



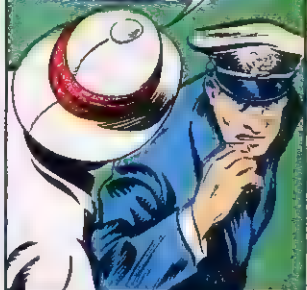
CAPTAIN! THE LION IS IN HIS CAGE!



WHAT? WHY, I HEARD HIM UP HERE!



YOU MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT... BECAUSE HE'S IN HIS CAGE NOW!



WELL, I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE I'M HEARING THINGS!



THE LION MUST HAVE ROARED AND YOU HEARD THE ECHO!



ANYWAY, I'LL BE GLAD WHEN I GET THAT BEAST OFF THIS SHIP!

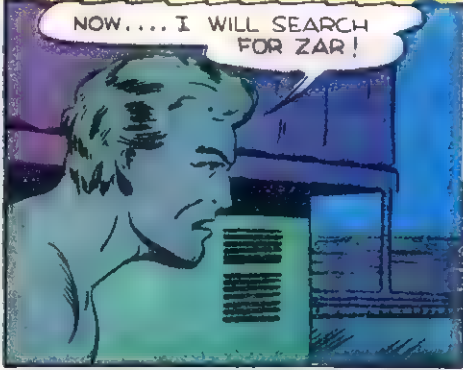


YOU WON'T HAVE HIM AROUND AFTER WE REACH NEW YORK CITY!



KA-ZAR WAITS FOR TWO NIGHTS, AND THEN DECIDES TO FIND ZAR!

NOW.... I WILL SEARCH FOR ZAR!

A close-up of Ka-Zar's face in profile, looking out of a window at night. The background shows a dark interior and a window with horizontal bars.

HE STEALS QUIETLY TO THE HOLD WHERE ZAR HAS BEEN PLACED, HIS KEEN SENSES LEADING HIM TO THE ANIMAL.

Ka-Zar is shown in a crouched position, climbing a rope or ladder. He is wearing a leopard-print loincloth. The background is dark, suggesting a ship's hold.

IN JUNGLE LANGUAGE, HE TALKS TO ZAR!

I WILL SEE THAT YOU GET FREE!
KA-ZAR WILL NOT FAIL YOU!

Ka-Zar is on the left, pointing his finger towards Zar, who is on the right behind a window with vertical bars. Ka-Zar is shirtless and has a determined expression.

AT THAT MOMENT A SAILOR APPEARS!

SOMEONE COMES!

A sailor in a red shirt and blue pants is seen from the waist up, standing in a doorway. He is looking towards the right. In the foreground, Ka-Zar is shown from the chest up, looking back over his shoulder with a concerned expression.

SO... YOU THINK YOU'RE A TOUGH LION, EH?

The sailor is leaning forward, pointing his right index finger directly at Ka-Zar. He has a confrontational expression.

HE SEIZED A POLE AND TEASES ZAR!

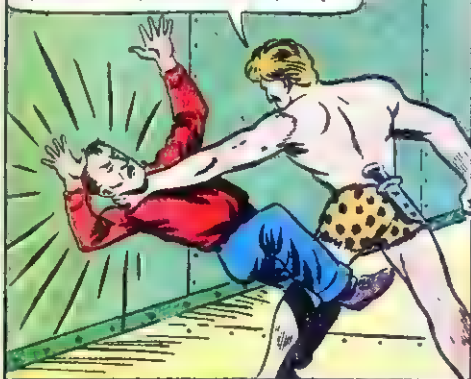
The sailor is holding a long wooden pole with both hands, looking towards the right. The pole is positioned horizontally.

WILD WITH ANGER, KA ZAR LEAPS AT THE SEAMAN!

HELP!

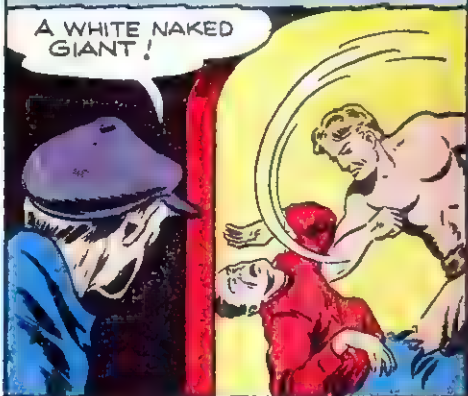
Ka-Zar is shown in mid-air, leaping towards the sailor. The sailor is cowering and holding the pole. The scene is dynamic, with motion lines indicating the leap.

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU
TO LEAVE THE LION ALONE!



ANOTHER SAILOR ARRIVES 12

A WHITE NAKED
GIANT!



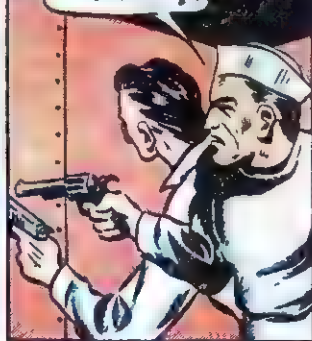
HE RUNS FOR HELP!

QUICK . . . A POWERFUL
SHOWAWAY IS DOWN THERE!



ARMED SEAMEN APPEAR!

STOP...OR WE
SHOOT!



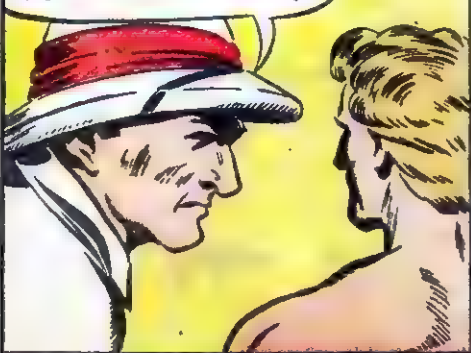
SEEING THE MEN WITH
GUNS, KA-ZAR SURRENDERS!

YOU COULD NOT CAPTURE
KA-ZAR WITHOUT GUNS!



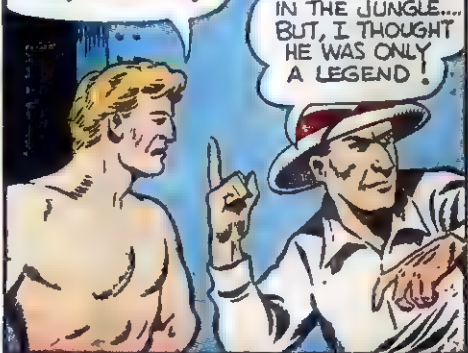
BRADLEY, THE GAME HUNTER, APPEARS!

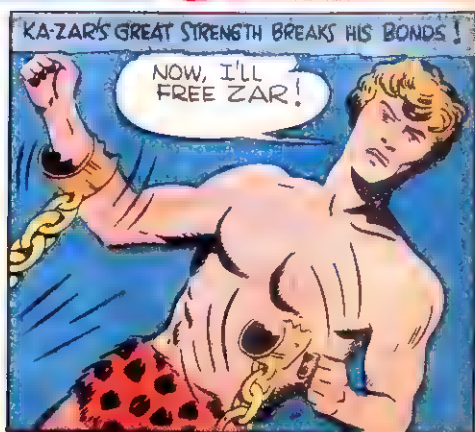
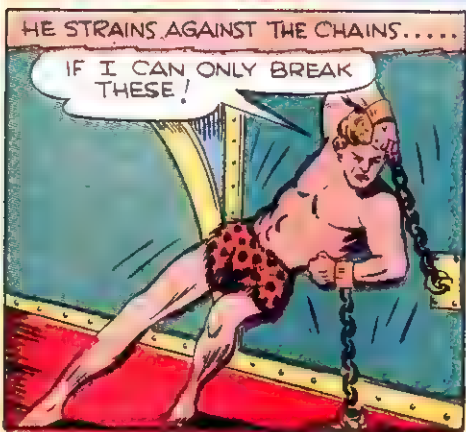
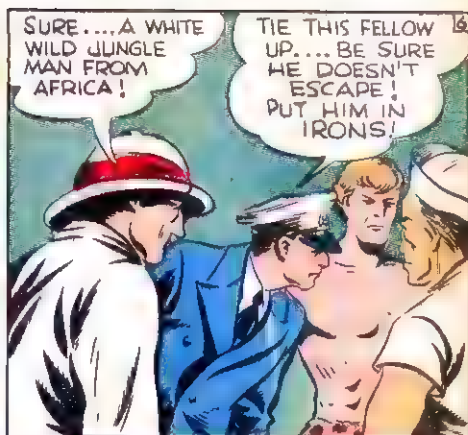
DID YOU SAY KA-ZAR?



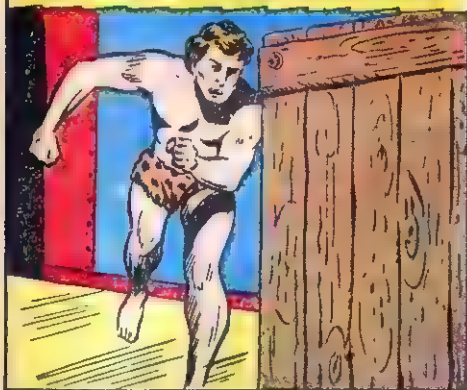
YES, I AM KA-ZAR!
THE BROTHER OF
ZAR, THE LION!

WONDERFUL!
CAPTAIN... I HAVE
HEARD OF KA-ZAR
IN THE JUNGLE...
BUT, I THOUGHT
HE WAS ONLY
A LEGEND!





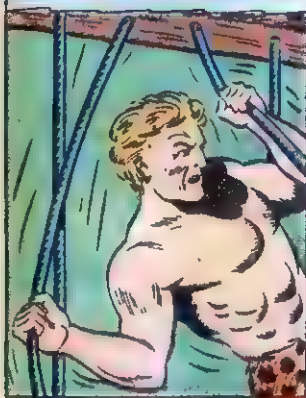
FREE AGAIN, HE RUSHES TO ZAR'S CAGE!



KA-ZAR THROWS HIS WEIGHT
AGAINST THE IRON BARS!



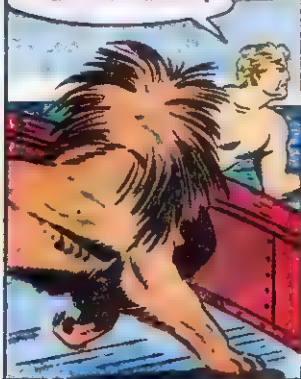
HE FORCES THE CAGE OPEN!



TOGETHER, KA-ZAR AND
ZAR REACH THE OPEN DECK!



IT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!
WE MUST JUMP!



KA-ZAR AND THE LION DIVE FROM
THE DECK OF THE STEAMSHIP!



QUICK... KA-ZAR
AND THE LION
ARE FREE!

WE MUST
CATCH
THEM!



IN THE WATER, KA-ZAR AND ZAR
SWIM TOWARDS SHORE

SWIM, ZAR!



A SMALL BOAT IS LOWERED FROM
THE SHIP TO PURSUE THE PAIR!

WE'LL THROW
THIS ROPE
AROUND
HIM!



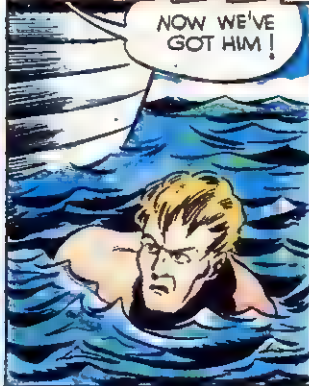
THE SAILORS SOON OVERTAKE
KA-ZAR AND THE LION . . .

THERE THEY
ARE!



THE BOAT DRAWS CLOSE . . .

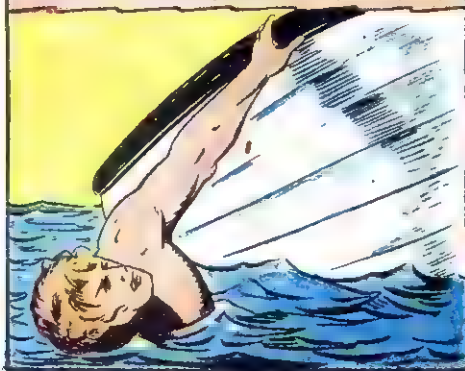
NOW WE'VE
GOT HIM!



SUDDENLY, KA-ZAR WHIRLS
AROUND IN THE WATER . . .

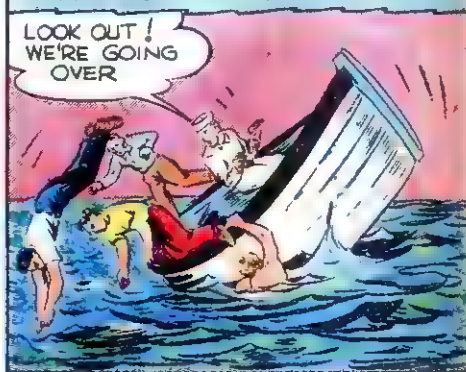


GRASPING THE BOAT, HE HAULS HIS
WEIGHT AGAINST THE SIDE



THE BOAT IS OVERTURNED, THROWING
THE PURSUERS IN THE WATER . . .

LOOK OUT!
WE'RE GOING
OVER



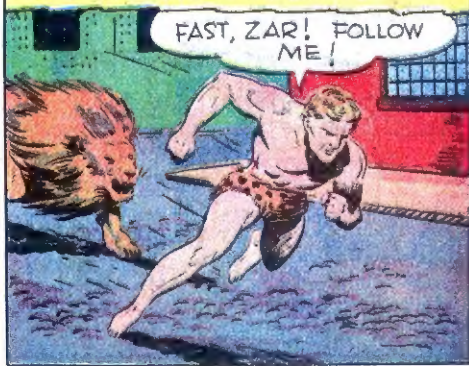
BEFORE A SECOND BOAT CAN BE LAUNCHED
IN PURSUIT, KA-ZAR REACHES A DOCK....

WE CAN GET
OUT OF THE
WATER HERE!



ON SHORE THEY RACE THROUGH THE
CITY STREETS.....

FAST, ZAR! FOLLOW
ME!



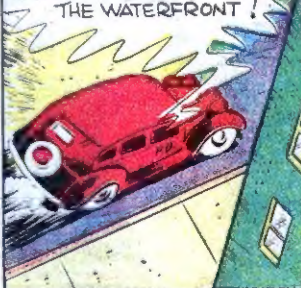
PEOPLE FLEE IN TERROR
AT THE SIGHT OF KA-ZAR
AND THE LION.....

RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES!

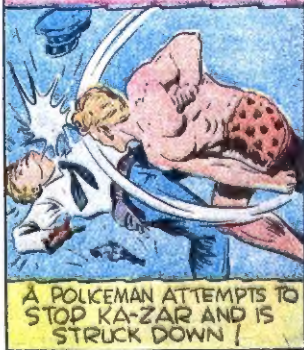


IN A SHORT WHILE, POLICE
CARS GIVE CHASE.....

CALLING ALL CARS.....
A WHITE SAVAGE AND
A LION ARE LOOSE ON
THE WATERFRONT!



ELUDING HIS PURSUERS, KA-ZAR
RACES THROUGH THE HEART
OF THE CITY.....



A POLKEMAN ATTEMPTS TO
STOP KA-ZAR AND IS
STRUCK DOWN!

FINALLY, REACHING CENTRAL PARK, HIS
SENSES DETECT THE PRESENCE OF ANIMALS.

ZAR... OUR FRIENDS
ARE HERE!



HE LOCATES THE PARK ZOO.....

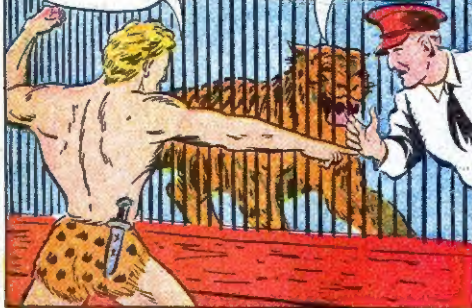
MORE OF MY BROTHERS.... IN
CAPTIVITY! I WILL FREE
THEM!



KA-ZAR SEES A KEEPER NEAR THE DOOR
OF ONE OF THE CAGES

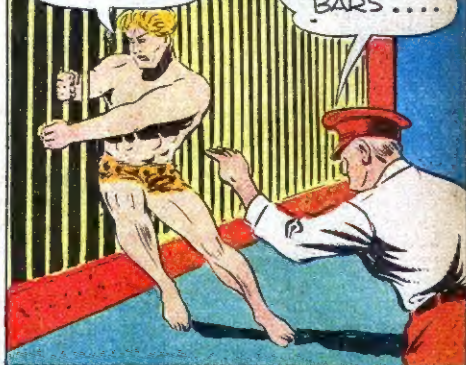
FREE THOSE
BEASTS!

ARE YOU CRAZY?



I'LL TURN THEM
LOOSE . . .

GET AWAY
FROM THEM
BARS . . .



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE
CITY, A GIRL TUNES IN A
PROGRAM ON HER RADIO . . .

...HERE IS A SPECIAL
NEWS BULLETIN



A WILD JUNGLE SAVAGE
KNOWN AS KA-ZAR HAS
ESCAPED WITH A LION
AND IS RUNNING LOOSE
IN THE CITY!

KA-ZAR!



IT CAN'T BE . . . IT WAS
KA-ZAR WHO SAVED MY
LIFE IN THE BELGIAN
CONGO LAST YEAR . . .
I MUST HELP
HIM!



MEANWHILE, THE POLICE CATCH UP
WITH KA-ZAR AT THE ZOO!

THERE'S THE LION
AND KA-ZAR!

SHOOT
THE LION!



THEY HAVE
GUNS I
MUST SURRENDER
OR THEY WILL
SHOOT ZAR!



TO BE CONTINUED . . .

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO KA-ZAR AND ZAR ?
MORE OF THEIR ADVENTURES HERE NEXT MONTH!

MECHANICS

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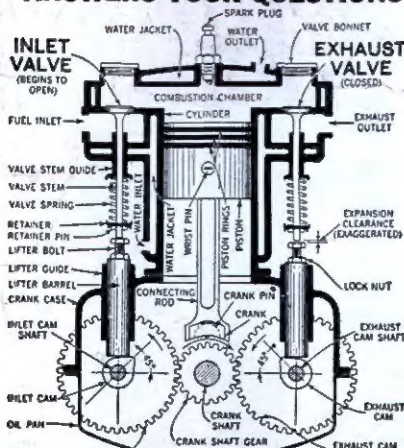
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